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VOLUME X

THE TRAGEDIE OF CHABOT
ADMIRALL OF FRANCE

WRITTEN BY
GEORGE CHAPMAN AND JAMES SHIRLEY

Reprinted from the Quarto of 1639
Edited with an Introduction and Notes

BY
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Published for the University

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PREFACE.

The neglect of our older dramatic writers is a commonplace of modern literary comment. Until recently the student who sought to know the contemporaries of Shakespeare, was forced to make their acquaintance through texts marred by the excisions, interpolations and modernizations of editors who, by the very act of editing, assumed a literary censorship and tyranny over the unhappy subjects of their labors. Modern scholarship is no longer content with such work. Of late Manly, Bond, Boaz, Breymann and Wagner have done much to remedy this condition and have given us an accurate transcript of the writings of a number of the Elizabethans. Chief among the dramatists who have suffered from neglect is Chapman, for no satisfactory edition of his dramatic works has yet appeared. Through the labors of Gifford, Dyce, and others, the works of many of the older dramatists were collected and published during the earlier half of the last century, but it was not until 1873 that a similar service was attempted for Chapman. In this year a three volume edition, a reprint of the plays, edited by John Pearson, appeared; but, though commendable as an effort to reproduce the text of the quartos, it was incomplete and abounded in errors. A second collection of the plays, edited by R. H. Shepherd, appeared a year later, and included all the extant plays, either wholly or partly, by Chapman, and, in addition, several of unknown or doubtful authorship. In this edition

the text is modernized. Mention must also be made of the publication of five of Chapman's plays with a general introduction and editorial notes by Professor Phelps, in the Mermaid Series, 1895. The lack of a satisfactory edition of all the dramas is partly compensated by the recently published excellent editions of separate plays, such as *Eastward Hoe*, by Professor Schelling, and *Bussy D'Ambois* and *The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois*, by Professor Boas.

The following pages embody an attempt to reproduce the text of *The Tragedie of Philip Chabot, Admirall of France*, from the quarto of 1639. This drama was not republished until 1833, when Dyce included it in his edition of Shirley's works. It was also published by Shepherd in *The Works of Chapman*, 1874. In the present instance no liberty has been taken with the text of the quarto; the original spelling and punctuation are given, even in the case of manifest typographical errors. All emendations are relegated to the footnotes. The editing of this quarto, in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, was undertaken at the suggestion of Prof. F. E. Schelling, to whom grateful acknowledgment is made for suggestions offered and assistance rendered. The quarto, a reprint of which is here presented, forms one of a considerable collection of old plays recently acquired by the University of Pennsylvania. As no other old edition of *Chabot* exists, the only collation necessary has been that which exhibits the suggestions and emendations of the modern editors, Dyce and Shepherd.

THE TRAGEDIES OF CHAPMAN DERIVED FROM FRENCH HISTORICAL MATERIAL.

There are a few writers who by reason of the length of their careers can scarcely be classified with any literary age. Among these was George Chapman whose seventy-five years, beginning almost with the accession of Elizabeth, stretched well into the reign of Charles I. No other period of equal length in the history of England witnessed so marvelous a political development or so splendid a literary outpouring. During these years England, under the direction of her great statesmen, became one of the foremost powers of Europe, while her Howards, Drakes and Raleighs made her mistress of the seas. Poets were not wanting to sing the glories of the reign of the Virgin Queen, but it was not until long after the days of the Armada that Chapman joined this great choir of singers. Though its fruitage was abundant, his genius flowered late. While other and younger writers experimented with Italian forms and strove to transfer Sicilian shepherds and their flocks to the meadows of England, Chapman remained silent, and it was not until sonneteering became the fashion of the hour that he joined the ranks of Elizabethan poets. Even then he sang not with them, but raised his voice in protest against their methods. Philosophy was to be his mistress, and to her service he dedicated himself and ceased not to sound her praises in both lyric and dramatic verse. Though he continued to write lyrics to the end of his career, it was with the drama that Chapman was principally concerned. For nearly forty years, except when engaged in Homeric

translation, he wrote for the stage. He saw the rise of the national drama with Lyly, Peele and Greene, its development in Marlowe, and its perfection in Shakespeare. He lived long enough to see also the beginning of its decline as the great body of Elizabethan writers passed one by one from the stage of action.

Chapman must have been on terms of intimacy with many of the great dramatists of his day. The first of these with whom he came into contact was Marlowe. In one of Chapman's earliest comedies, *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, Marlowe's famous line, "Whoever loved that loved not at first sight" is misquoted. In 1597 that poet's fragment *Hero and Leander* appeared with — four sestiyads added by Chapman, who, addressing his own poetic genius, adjures it to

. "find th' eternal clime
Of his free soul, whose living subject stood
Up to the chin in the Pierian flood,
And drunk to me half this Musaeon story,
Inscribing it to deathless memory:
Confer with it, and make my pledge as deep
That neither's draught be consecrate to sleep;
Tell it how much his late desires I tender
(If yet it know not), and to light surrender
My soul's dark offspring, willing it should die,
To loves, to passions and society."¹

The "soul's dark offspring" undoubtedly refers to Chapman's *Shadow of Night* which appeared in 1594, and the above passage indicates that Marlowe urged him to publish the poem. It cannot be proved that it was Marlowe's influence that led Chapman to turn to French history for dramatic themes, but it can hardly be questioned that *The Massacre at Paris* acted as a new play Jan. 30, 1593,² exerted much influence upon him.

¹*Hero and Leander*, Sestiyad III.

²*Henslowe's Diary*, p. 30.

In his *Bussy D'Ambois* the characters are drawn after the manner of Marlowe. (The hero of this play is modeled after Tamburlaine) and several scenes in it recall similar ones in the plays of the earlier writer.

It is easy to overestimate the influence of Shakespeare on the minor dramatists of his time, but his influence on Chapman is unmistakable. *The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois*, 1613, belongs to the (tragedies of revenge.) (Clermont D'Ambois moralizes as Hamlet does.) The friendship between Guise and Clermont is similar to that existing between Hamlet and Horatio. Koeppel¹ calls attention to the resemblance of a scene in *Byron's Tragedy*, 1608, to one in *Troilus and Cressida*. We find similar action, similar sentiment, similar language in the two plays. A speech of Ulysses² contains thought similar to that expressed by Biron in the first Act. In Act III: 3, of *Troilus and Cressida*, the Greek princes, pass by Achilles without greeting him; in like manner the courtiers of Henry IV pass by Biron, *Tragedy IV: 1*. Achilles mentions the behavior of the princes to Ulysses, saying, "neither gave to me good word nor look." Ulysses replies:

"Time hath a wallet at his back
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion."

Biron remarks:

"How all the Court now looks askew on me!
Go by without saluting, shun my sight."

D'Auvergne answers:

"We must
Follow their faces
. or be cast behind,
No more viewed than the wallet of their faults."

¹ *Quellen—Studien zu den Dramen George Chapman's, etc.*, p. 37.

² *Troilus and Cressida*, 1. 3. 83 ff.

These resemblances are too marked to be accidental. Even though the date of Shakespeare's play is in dispute, it was certainly on the stage long before 1608.

It was in 1605 that *Eastward Hoe* appeared as the joint work of Chapman, Jonson and Marston. The subsequent imprisonment of the authors because of certain reflections upon the Scots is a well-known episode in the history of the drama. It is not likely that Marston and Chapman were associated in any other work. It is true that both had contributed to Robert Chester's *Love's Martyr*, 1601, but so had other poets. There is no reason to infer any social or literary intimacy from this fact. There must, however, have been a cordial friendship between Chapman and Jonson. In a letter written from prison, 1605, Jonson speaks in the highest terms of Chapman. The latter wrote verses, *In Sejanum Ben. Jonsoni et Musis et Sibi in Deliciis*, and two years later he contributed verses "To his dear Friend Benjamin Jonson His Volpone." Jonson told Drummond that he "loved Chapman." If the fragment, *An Invective written by Mr. George Chapman against Mr Ben Jonson*, found in a commonplace book preserved among the Ashmole MSS. was written by Chapman, it must have been the result of a temporary estrangement. It is aside from our purpose to discuss this curious poem, but there is nothing in it to justify the opinion that the poets had become permanently estranged. There was much in common between the two. Both were classical scholars, though Jonson was unquestionably the more widely read; both affected the same scorn for the "vulgar and profane multitude," and appealed from the reader "in ordinary" to the reader "in extraordinary"; both had definite ideas as to the moral lessons that their work should convey. Chapman's translations, poems and dramatic works called forth many poems of commendation, but these too are aside from our purpose. We shall speak at length elsewhere of his relations with Shirley.

Of the six historical dramas of Chapman it is remarkable that five were taken from French history, and still more remarkable that two of these dealt with events that were all but contemporaneous or at least within the memory of his audience. About fifteen years before Chapman's first tragedy was published, Marlowe's *Massacre at Paris* had appeared. The older dramatist had catered to the prejudices of his audience and presented the Duke of Guise as a monster of wickedness. Indeed the purpose of the play was not so much to deal with the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's as to set forth the many plots in which Guise was concerned and the many murders of which he was supposed to be guilty. In addition Marlowe presented him as a blunderer, lacking in shrewdness, who was braved and insulted in a manner that must have made the groundlings howl with delight. The next plays treating of French History were the three by Dekker and Drayton. According to Henslowe these two authors had finished, or were engaged upon, a play entitled *The Civil Wars in France*, evidently in three parts as indicated by the dates: Sept. 29, 1598; Nov. 3, 1598; Dec. 30, 1598.¹ It is probable that these plays were intended to set forth the wars of Henry IV's reign. From what we know of Dekker's religious beliefs it is safe to infer that the dramas dealt with the confusion and overthrow of the chieftains of the League, events that were practically contemporary since the civil wars did not end until 1596.

Chapman was the next author to use French History. In 1607 appeared *Bussy D'Ambois, A Tragedie: As it hath been often presented at Paules. London. Printed for William Aspley*. This play deals with the adventures of Bussy D'Ambois, a braggart and impoverished captain who is taken up by "Monsieur," brother to the

¹ *Henslowe's Diary*, pp. 134, 137, 141.

French King, set on his feet and introduced at court. Bussy's blood is good and his audacity unbounded.) He dares the Guise and affronts the best gentlemen of France, and backing his insolence with an all victorious sword, becomes a menace to his "maker" who resolves upon Bussy's destruction. Monsieur's hatred of Bussy receives an additional spur from the discovery that Bussy is enamored of the wife of Count Montsurry, whose favor Monsieur has sought in vain. The Duke of Guise leagues himself with Monsieur. They discover that Bussy and the Countess Montsurry have arranged a meeting. Count Montsurry is informed, and Bussy is lured into an ambush where he is slain after defending himself with the greatest bravery. Like the majority of Chapman's plays, *Bussy* abounds in episodes which, though interesting in themselves, retard the action of the drama. The author does not hesitate to take liberties with history. Henry III, one of the most despicable kings of France, is presented in a rather favorable light, and great consideration is shown for the hero of the drama, who, historically considered, was a typical soldier of fortune, always following the faction or leader likely to afford the greatest opportunity for plunder. The language of his eulogist Brantome proves that he was a libertine and a Prince of Braggarts in an age when modesty was not regarded as a cardinal virtue. The source of the play has not yet been discovered: for Koepfel¹ has shown that the commonly received opinion that De Thou was Chapman's source, cannot be correct since De Thou's *Historiae Sui Temporis, Pars Quarta*, which narrates the history of Bussy, was not published until 1609.

The influence of Marlowe mentioned above points to an earlier date for the composition of *Bussy D'Ambois* than has usually been accepted. What is more likely than that Chapman, the friend of Marlowe, finding

¹ *Quellen—Studien, zu den Dramen George Chapman's, etc.*, p. 14.

that the theme of the *Massacre at Paris* was popular, determined to write a play of the same character? If this view have any weight *Bussy* must have been written in 1595 or 1596. In support of this view these reasons may be assigned: First, among the theatrical "properties" belonging to Henslowe in March, 1598, is a "Perowes sewt."¹ There is no other extant play of this date in which Pero is a character. Secondly, Meres², in 1598, mentioned Chapman as renowned in tragedy. *Bussy D'Ambois* is the only known tragedy of Chapman's that could have been written thus early. Thirdly, if the line in *Satiro-Mastix*, "For trusty Damboys now the deed is done," refers to a play, it must have been to one written prior to 1601. *Bussy D'Ambois*, by far the most popular of Chapman's works, would naturally be referred to by his contemporaries.

The next work of Chapman's bore the title, *The Conspiracie and Tragedie of Charles, Duke of Byron, Marshall of France, Acted lately in two playes at the Black Friars, Written by George Chapman. Printed by G. Eld* - - - 1608. These plays are in reality but one continuous tragedy in ten acts, and deal with events that must have aroused deep interest in England. The Duke of Biron, one of the most powerful of French nobles, was well known to the English people, for he had been sent as an ambassador to the Queen only seven years before the publication of the dramas dealing with his death. Henry IV was upon the throne of France, and many of the other characters of the drama were still living in 1608. *The Conspiracy* treats of the treasonable plot into which Biron entered with the Duke of Savoy and a disgraced noble named La Fin. These designs were discovered, and the King sent Biron to England in the hope that he might learn wisdom

¹ *Henslowe's Diary*, p. 275.

² *Paladis Tamia, Haslewood, Arte of English Poesie*, II, 153.

there and abandon his plans against his sovereign. Queen Elizabeth, doubtless prompted by her royal brother of France, gave the would-be traitor advice, but he failed to take it to heart, and upon his return to France demanded the government of Bourg, a demand which marked the first steps of his plot. Upon being refused he behaved with great insolence toward his sovereign, who then revealed his knowledge of the treason in which the Marshal had been concerned. Overwhelmed with a sense of guilt, Biron sought the King's pardon, which was speedily granted him. Before long, however, as shown in *The Tragedy*, Biron was again plotting against the King. He was induced to come to court, where he was charged with his crimes but promised pardon if he would confess his guilt. Upon his refusal to admit the truth of the charges against him, he was confronted with the proof, thrown into prison and condemned to death. When too late, he sought to avail himself of the King's offer of pardon, but Henry was inexorable, and Biron was executed. Chapman has followed actual history with greater fidelity here than in any other of his historical dramas. Probably he was too faithful in his presentation of certain events. Koeppel has shown that the dramatist consulted three authorities—Matthieu, Cayet, and Jean de Serres. These sources are followed closely when dealing with episodes or descriptions. In many cases the language of the dialogue is an almost exact translation of the language of the historian, but in other places the merest hint or suggestion is expanded into a lengthy speech.

Mr. Fleay long ago pointed out the mangled condition of Act IV of *The Conspiracy*.¹ There is every indication that in the play as originally written Queen Elizabeth was actually introduced as a character represented on

¹ *Chronicle of the English Drama*, I, 63.

the stage. The curious mixture of pronouns in the speech of Crequie indicates a hasty revision of this portion. As originally written, this part of the drama must have consisted of an interview between Queen Elizabeth and Biron. Crequie in giving an account of this interview says:

"He said 'he was no orator, but a soldier,
More than this air in which you breathe hath made me,' " etc.

The sudden change from the third person to the first indicates that the speech was originally spoken by Biron, but when the censor objected to this scene, it was changed into narrative form. A little farther on in the same scene a "councillor of great and eminent name" speaks, but his speech is a repetition of what had already been given. It is evident that this councillor's speech is a "stop gap" in place of a part stricken out by the censor. At the conclusion of the first Act of *Byron's Tragedy* a masque is introduced. The reference of Cupid to "a jar that was reconciled" and the concluding speech of Henry IV:

"This show hath pleased me well, for that it figures
The reconcilment of my Queen and mistress,"

are pointless as the scene now stands. A dispatch of April 5, 1608, from the French Ambassador Beaumont, quoted by Von Raumer, explains matters. He sets forth that he had interfered to prevent the acting of the play, but when the "Court had left town they persisted in acting it; nay, they brought upon the stage the Queen of France and Mademoiselle Verneuil. The former having first accosted the latter with very hard words gave her a box on the ear. At my suit three of them were arrested; but the principal person, the author, escaped." From this dispatch it appears that both the French Queen and Mademoiselle Verneuil, the Mistress of the King, appeared in the masque, and that the quarrel

mentioned by the Ambassador originally formed a part of the masque. The speech of the King quoted above, thus becomes intelligible. It should also be noted that toward the end of Act IV of *The Conspiracy*, where Chapman is following Matthieu's narrative, the drama bears evidence of having been mangled. The French historian asserts that Queen Elizabeth concluded the interview with Biron by showing him the heads of a number of distinguished princes who had been beheaded for treason, among them that of Essex. The Queen's concluding words to Biron were, "God knows that the King, my brother, shows too much clemency. By my faith, if I were in his place, Paris, as well as London, should see heads cut off." Koeppel's conjecture that this scene was originally incorporated in the play, is highly probable. Naturally the Master of the Revels struck it out.

Mr. Dobell has recently published a number of letters from Chapman, Jonson and others. Two of the Chapman letters may properly be quoted because of their bearing upon the Biron plays. The first is a "Letter of Chapman to Mr. Crane, probably intended for the Duke of Lennox, who sheltered and protected the poet when threatened with arrest at the instance of the French Ambassador Beaumont, because of certain scenes in the Biron plays, 1608." It runs as follows:

"Sr—Not wearie of my Shelter, but uncertaine why the forme of the cloude still hovers over me, when the matter is disperst, I write to intreate your resolution; And all this tyme have not in his sort visted you, for feare I should seeme to give spurrs to your free disposition; But now (least imagine me hotter of my libertie than I am, you should thinke me unhowsd, and not to have presented me with my first thankfull Apparance) I thought good to send out this dove; And thoughte I am put, by the Austeritie of the offended tyme to this little pacience, yet can I not be so thankleslye jelouse

of the knowing judgment from whence your actions proceede to retaine any thought of youre favours Repentaunce; or neglect of their extension in the safe retreat: when your dangerous charge for me was so resolute and worthie. I am the same I was when you thought me worthie of youre vertuous kindnes; and will ever remaine (whatsoever I may be)

Wholy yours in all affectionate

Requitall.

For his right. worthie and exceedinge good frend Mr. Crane:
Secretorie to my Lord Duke of Lennox." ¹

The second is a letter of George Chapman to the Lincester of the Press in reference to the Biron plays:

"Sr—I have not deserv'd what I suffer by your austeritie; if the two or three lynes you crost were spoken; my uttermost to suppress them was enough for my discharge: To more then which no promysse can be rackt by reason; I see not myne owne Plaies; nor carrie the Actors Tongues in my mouthe; The action of the mynde is performance sufficient of my dewtie, before the greatest authoritie, wherein I have quitted all your former favors, And made them more worthie than any you bestowe on outward observers; if the thrice allowance of the Counsaile for the Presentment gave not weight enoughe to drawe yours after for the presse, my Breath is a hopeles addition; if you say (for your Reason) you know not if more then was spoken be now written no, no; nor can you know that, if you had both the Copies, not seeing the first at all: Or if you had seene it presented your Memorie could hardly confer with it so strictly in the Revisall to discerne the Addition; My short reason therefore can not sounde your severitie: Whosoever it were that first plaied the bitter Informer before the frenche Ambassador for a matter so far from offence; And of so much honor for his maister as those two partes containe, perform'd it with the Gall of a Wulff, and not of a man: And theise hautie and secrette vengeances taken for Crost, &

officious humors are more Politique than Christian; which he that hates will one day discover in the open ruine of their Auctors; And though they be trifles he yet laies them in Ballance (as they concern Justice, and bewray Appetites to the Tyrannye) with the greatest; But how safely soever Illiterate Auctoritie settes up his Bristles against Poverty, methinkes yours (being accompanied with learning) should rebate the pointes of them, and soften the fiercenes of those rude manners; you know Sr, They are sparkes of the lowest fier in Nature that flie out uppon weaknes with every puffe of Power; I desier not you should drenche your hand in the least daunger for mee: And therefore (with entreatie of my Papers returne) I cease ever to trouble you.

By the poore subject of your office
for the present."¹

From the first of these letters it appears that when the French Ambassador sought to have Chapman arrested for bringing the Queen of France and the King's mistress upon the stage, the author fled to the Duke of Lennox who gave him shelter and protection. The matter had been adjusted, but Chapman was still regarded with disfavor by the Licenser of Plays. He had evidently left the shelter of his protector without thanking him in person for his kindness. The letter explains why he did not seek a personal interview with the Duke. He was determined to discover why the cloud still hovered over him. The second letter explains the nature of this "cloud." Sir Henry Herbert, the official licenser, would not give the necessary permission for the performance of the plays. Herbert had evidently crossed out certain lines, but the actors had spoken the forbidden parts. Though Chapman had protested that he could not be held responsible for the action of the players, Herbert still withheld his consent to the presentation of the drama. Chapman complains bitterly against the

¹ *Athenæum*. April 6, 1901.

person who informed the French Ambassador of the masque wherein the Queen appeared. He protests that no offense was meant, and concludes with a reference to the helplessness of one so poor as he, against ignorant authority. It is highly probable that his poverty was very real even at this time, yet no one can fail to admire the dignified expression with which this letter closes.

The Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois A Tragedie. As it hath bene often presented at the Private Play house in the White-Fryers. Written by George Chapman, Gentleman
 - - - are to be sold by John Helme - - - , appeared in quarto in 1613. The hero of this play (Clermont D'Ambois, a man of different type from his brother Bussy, is (meditative and thoughtful, but not lacking in prowess.) Charlotte, the sister of Bussy, is represented as a woman of great spirit, who would consent to marry her lover Baligny, only after he had sworn to avenge the murder of her brother. Baligny failed to make good his vow, secretly incited the king against Clermont, and persuaded him to order the latter's arrest. This was accomplished by a novel device. The king sent Clermont to Cambrai ostensibly to review the troops under his command, but the monarch had sent secret orders to have him seized. Clermont received warning of the plot against him, but he refused to credit the information. He did, however, demand of Maillard, the Governor's Lieutenant, that he allow himself to be searched so that Clermont might discover whether there was any truth in the rumor that Maillard had orders to arrest him. Maillard assured Clermont that no such orders had been received. The latter accepted this statement as true and set out to review the troops, but was seized by two soldiers disguised as lackeys and brought a prisoner to Maillard. The Duke of Guise, the patron of Clermont, soon effected his friend's release. This part of the drama is drawn out to tedious length, but the last act moves swiftly enough. The ghost of Bussy appears and urges

Clermont to undertake the revenge which Balingy has neglected. He obeys the mandate, engages Montsurry in single combat, and slays him. Charlotte is present in disguise to take the place of her brother, if he should fall in the fight. Meanwhile Guise had been treacherously murdered by the King's order. A curiously ineffective scene, in which the ghost of Bussy and three other spirits appear and whirl in dance about the murdered corpse of Montsurry, concludes the drama. Clermont, his patron gone, commits suicide.

Koeppel shows that the episode of Clermont's arrest was taken from Pierre Matthieu's *Histoire de France et Des choses memorables aduenues aux prouinces etrangeres durant sept annees de paix du Regne de Henry IIII Roy de France et de Nauarre. Diuisé en sept livres. A Paris.* This work must have been published not later than 1605. Biron's intimate friend, the Comte d'Auvergne had been arrested and imprisoned with him, but was afterwards released. Two years later, in 1604, the king ordered his re-arrest. This was accomplished in the manner set forth by Chapman in his account of the arrest of Clermont. Koeppel shows further that the dramatist followed the narrative of the historian with remarkable fidelity. In many cases the text of Chapman is a literal translation of Matthieu. The Duke of Guise was murdered December 23, 1588, by the emissaries of Henry III. Jean de Serres' *Inventaire General de l'Histoire de France*, published 1597, was the source used by Chapman for the parts of the drama dealing with the assassination of the Duke. Here, as in the previous case, the dramatist gives a literal rendering of his source. He had previously used both these authors' works in the Biron dramas.

One of the most surprising features of this drama is the manner in which the Duke of Guise is presented. This character in the first of the Bussy plays is a reproduction of Marlowe's creation. The theater-goer would

have no difficulty in recognizing the "monster of St. Bartholomew's Night," "the blood hound of France," in the creations of both dramatists. Both make him the butt of ridicule. Bussy braves him to his face. When the Duke threatens to cut his throat if he does not cease his gallantries to the Duchess, Bussy exclaims, "That hand dares not do't—y've cut too many throats already, Guise; and robbed the realm of many thousand souls, more precious than thine own." In the quarrel, Act III,¹ Bussy gives the "lie direct" to the Duke and applies a series of vigorously insulting epithets to him. A little later the Duke is represented as a libertine. In Act V he and Monsieur are actively concerned in the murder of Bussy. Very different is the Duke in *The Revenge*. He is the patron of the philosophically inclined Clermont. Almost at the opening of the drama he is hailed—

"Well, thou most worthy to be greatest Guise,
Make with thy greatness a new world arise."

A little later Guise and Clermont are represented as whispering together

..... "of something
Savouring of that which all men else despise,
How to be truly noble, truly wise."

When Monsieur suggests that Guise practises hypocrisy, he is reminded that it is "much more common to suspect truth than falsehood," that truth is not believed. On every possible occasion the good qualities of Guise are emphasized, until, in Act II, we find the extenuation, or rather the justification, of the Massacre of Bartholomew.

Ba. I fain would know
How many millions of our other nobles
Would make one Guise. There is a true tenth worthy.

¹ *The Works of George Chapman: Plays*, ed. Shepherd, p. 156.

Who (did not one act only blemish him)—

Cl. One act? what one?

Ba. One, that, though years past done,
Sticks by him still and will distain him ever.

Cl. Good Heaven! wherein? what one act can you name
Supposed his stain, that I'll not prove his lustre?

Ba. To satisfy you, 'twas the massacre.

Cl. The massacre? I thought 'twas some such blemish.

Ba. Oh, it was heinous!

Cl. To a brutish sense,
But not a manly reason. We so tender
The vile part in us, that the part divine
We see in hell, and shrink not. Who was first
Head of that massacre?

Ba. The Guise.

Cl. 'Tis nothing so.

Who was in fault for all the slaughters made
In Ilion, and about it? were the Greeks?
Was it not Paris ravishing the Queen
Of Lacaedemon? Breach of shame and faith?
And all the laws of hospitality?
This is the beastly slaughter made of men,
When truth is overthrown, his laws corrupted;
When souls are smother'd in the flatter'd flesh,
Slain bodies are no more than oxen slain.

Ba. Differ not men from oxen?

Cl. Who says so?

But see wherein; in the understanding rules
Of their opinions, lives, and actions;
In their communities of faith and reason.
Was not the wolf that nourish'd Romulus
More humane than the men that did expose him?

Ba. That makes against you.

Cl. Not, sir, if you note
That by that deed, the actions difference make
'Twixt men and beasts, and not their names nor forms.

Had faith, nor shame, all hospitable rights
Been broke by Troy, Greece had not made that slaughter.
Had that been saved (says a philosopher)
The Iliads and Odysseys had been lost;
Had Faith and true Religion been preferr'd,
Religious Guise had never massacred.

In the remaining part of the drama no opportunity to sound the praise of the Duke is let pass, and when at last he is treacherously slain, Clermont kills himself, being unwilling to live after the loss of so noble a patron. One can imagine how astonished the Protestant Englishmen must have been to see the Duke of Guise thus presented to their view. It would be interesting to know how the innovation was received. Of still greater interest is the reason for Chapman's changed attitude toward the Duke. It was certainly not due to dramatic exigencies, and the author must have known that the change would not be popular with an English audience. [The reason is probably to be found in the deep moral earnestness that characterizes all Chapman's later work. To a mind of philosophic bent, the religious passion and hatred of the unreasoning masses must have been humiliating and disgusting. His scorn of the "profane multitude" was unquestionably sincere. An examination of the facts pertaining to the massacres and religious wars that so long paralyzed the energies of France must have convinced him that the blame lay not alone with one party. He believed that the objects of tragedy were "material instruction, elegant and sententious excitement to virtue and deflections from her contrary"; and further, that "not truth but things like truth" should be sought.] The author's purpose then must have been to call attention to the other side of the controversy by exaggerating the merits of the Catholic standpoint before a Protestant audience. There is another instance of a similar departure from

← accepted beliefs in *Byron's Tragedy* where Biron is made to eulogize Philip II of Spain who was not less unpopular in England than was the Duke of Guise. In this case, however, a clearly defined dramatic purpose is served by the eulogy. Koepfel believes that Chapman had become a convert to Roman Catholicism and calls attention to the language used in *The Gentleman Usher*, Act V, where Strozza announces his intention to make a pilgrimage to Rome to offer at St. Peter's Temple the arrow head by which he had been wounded. He asks that no one shall deem this act a superstitious rite, for

"No act is superstitious that applies
All power to God, devoting hearts through eyes."

To which Benevenus replies,

"Spoke with the true tongue of a nobleman.
But now are all these excitations toys,
And honour fats his brain with other joys."

There is undoubtedly much to support this opinion of Koepfel's, but I cannot regard his proof as complete, and the little we know of the subsequent life of the dramatist seems to indicate that he remained a member of the Church of England. The men to whom Chapman addressed his letters for aid were Protestants, as were those to whom he dedicated his poems and dramas. He opposed the Spanish marriage and did not fail to advocate loyalty to the King in all things. Moreover, Chapman's attitude is ever that of the philosopher who realizes that good and bad are strangely mingled in the affairs of men.

Prof. Boas has recently shown¹ that the generally accepted theory that Chapman went directly to the French historians for the material for his historical dramas is incorrect. There is a book bearing the

title, *A General Inventorie of the Historie of France from the beginning of that Monarchie unto the Treatie of Vervins in the Yeare 1598. Written by Jhon de Serres. And continued unto these Times, out of the best Authors which have written of that Subject. Translated out of French into English, by Edward Grimeston, Gentleman.* This work was published in 1607 by George Eld. Grimeston added to de Serres's narrative translations from the writings of Pierre Matthieu and Victor Cayet. Prof. Boas after a careful examination, asserts that Grimeston was the immediate source used by Chapman. It would seem, therefore, that his method was that of the majority of the dramatists of his age, to seek material in the nearest quarry. The elaborate theories concerning Chapman's sojourn in France, based on his supposed acquaintance with French history and language, cannot be sustained.

Before considering the historical accuracy of Chapman's dramatic presentations, it will be in order to note his theory as to the proper use of history in the drama. In dedicating *The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois* to Sir Thomas Howard, he writes: "And for the authentical truth of either person or action, who (worth the respecting) will expect it in a poem, whose subject is not truth, but things like truth? Poor envious souls they are that cavil at truth's want in these natural fictions, material instruction, elegant and sententious excitation to virtue, and deflection from her contrary, being the soul, limbs, and limits of an authentical tragedy." In view of this statement it is perhaps unjust to criticise Chapman for historical inaccuracy, but it is only just to say that his dramas abound in anachronisms. I cannot agree with those critics who assert that the historical sense was highly developed in Chapman. His kings are stock characters, only slightly differentiated. He has respect for "the divinity that doth hedge a king" no matter how despicable the sovereign may be. His courtiers

are distinguished by their official rank, not by difference in character. His genius is essentially epic, and is at its best in scenes in which the hero recounts his deeds at great length, but the strength exhibited on such occasions interferes with dramatic action. This epic tendency results in the introduction of numerous episodes, only slightly connected with the main plot of the drama. In spite of these weaknesses Chapman manages to develop a kind of historical atmosphere which pervades everything and gives unity to his work. By means of this atmosphere he suggests the corruption and moral degradation of the court of Henry III. [The recognition of these conditions by the reader is not due to the dramatist's ability in portraying character; for in his endeavor to convey "material instruction, elegant and sententious excitation to virtue," Chapman makes his dramatic creations from kings to servants, moralize and philosophize upon everything that occurs.]

The last of Chapman's historical plays appeared in 1639 with the title *The Tragedie of Chabot Admirall of France: As it was presented by her Majesties Servants at the private House in Drury Lane. Written by George Chapman and James Shirly. London. Printed by Tho. Cotes, for Andrew Crooke, and William Cooke.* Chapman had died May 12, 1634. The play was licensed April 29, 1635, as Sir Henry Herbert's office book shows. The question at once arises as to the nature of Shirley's connection with the play. Fleay says: "Chapman wrote I., II., and the prose speeches in III. 1, V. 2 of the Proctor and Advocate . . . Shirley altered and rewrote the latter part, III., IV., V."¹ Dyce² believes that nearly the whole was revised by Chapman, an opinion which Ward³ endorses. Swinburne writes "Of the author-

¹ *Chronicle of English Drama*. II, 241.

² *Shirley's Dramatic Works*, ed. Dyce, VI, 87.

³ *History of English Dramatic Literature*, II., 444.

ship of Chabot there can be no question; the subject the style, the manner, the meter, the characters, all are perfectly Chapman's."¹ After a careful comparative study of Chapman's and Shirley's styles and methods I have reached the conclusion that the play was originally written by Chapman and subsequently revised by Shirley. There is scarcely a page upon which the peculiarities of the former's style are not discernible. The principal of these peculiarities are: involved sentences, tortuous thought, and the tendency to philosophize. On the other hand the evidence of revision is to be found in many places. The angular grammatical constructions are not so numerous as in other plays of Chapman, the thought is somewhat clarified, and there is greater degree of dramatic unity than is common in Chapman's plays. If the long drawn-out speeches of the Proctor-General were omitted, this unity of action would be more apparent. There is the same tendency to episodic treatment as in *Bussy D'Ambois*, but the episodes are better bound together and subordinated to the main theme. The letters of Chapman, published by Mr. Dobell, show that the poet was neglected and poor in his old days. It would be a pleasing picture to imagine the popular dramatist Shirley responding to the request of the needy old translator and helping him to bring his last drama before the public. Unfortunately, this can hardly have been the case, for Chapman had been dead nearly a year before the play was acted. It seems probable that Chapman had written *Chabot* about 1621 or 1622. He had been engaged upon translations and non-dramatic poetry from 1613 to 1621, but after the latter date he would have been free to return to dramatic composition. His tragedy, *Cæsar and Pompey*, was published in 1631, but in the dedication he declares

¹ *Essay on George Chapman's Poetical and Dramatic Works*, p xxxii.

that it was never presented on the stage and was written long since. It undoubtedly belongs to the period just mentioned. In all probability *Chabot* had never been staged until Shirley revised it. The failure of Chapman's tragedies (excepting *Bussy D' Ambois*) was not strange. Aside from their want of true dramatic quality, and their involved style, they expressed sentiments antagonistic to the London play-goer and were lacking in acting qualities. It is impossible to conjecture how Shirley came into possession of *Chabot*. He was then (1635) at the height of his popularity as a dramatist; during the five preceding years eighteen plays of his were licensed, and all except one of these had been performed by the Queen's Men. It is easy to understand that when hard pressed he would be willing to revise any play that seemed likely to be successful. It is probable that the revision was made hastily: the play certainly was not entirely rewritten. Baker says it was "acted at Drury Lane,"¹ but undoubtedly the only authority for this statement is the title page of the Quarto. There is no other mention of its performance, and a second Quarto was not published. The failure of *Chabot* as a stage play was not remarkable. An audience accustomed to such plays as *The Gamester*, *The Example*, and *The Lady of Pleasure*, would be little drawn to one of so different a type.

Those who believe that *Chabot* was written jointly by Chapman and Shirley cite another play which appeared in Quarto with the following title: *The Ball, A Comedy, As it was presented by her Majesties Servants at the private house in Drury Lane. Written by George Chapman and James Shirly, London, Printed by Tho. Cotes, for Andrew Crooke and William Cooke. 1639.* The play was licensed November 16, 1632. Herbert adds the following note: "In the play of *The Ball* written by

¹ *Biographica Dramatica*, II, 90.

Sherley, and acted by the Queen's players, ther were divers personated so naturally, both of lords and others of the court, that I took it ill, and would have forbidden the play, but that Biston [Christopher Beeston] promiste many things which I found faulte withall should be left out, and that he would not suffer it to be done by the poett any more, who deserves to be punisht; and the first that offends in this kind, of poets or players, shall be sure of publique punishment."¹ Chapman's name was joined by the printer with Shirley "in the bonds," as Swinburne says, "of a most incongruous union." Gifford believed that Chapman wrote the greater part of this comedy, but he gave no reasons for so singular an opinion. Dyce says, "Judging from internal evidence, I should say, that *The Ball* was almost entirely the composition of Shirley."² Baker says "Chapman assisted Shirley in this Comedy."³ Fleay asserts that Chapman inserted passages which "are easily traceable in IV. 3 and V. 1."⁴ Ward believes that if Chapman "gave any assistance to Shirley at all in this play, it must have been of the slightest description."⁵ I cannot discover any traces of Chapman in the play, but it everywhere bears the stamp of Shirley's style. The dialogue is witty and sparkling. The play has the easy movement, characteristic of the younger dramatist's comedy. It lacks the philosophic utterance of Chapman, but contains the thinly veiled satire of Shirley. It will be noted that in the Memorandum of Herbert the play is assigned to Shirley alone. It should be remembered also that Chapman had not written comedy for at least twenty years. It would have been strange indeed had he been employed to collaborate with Shirley in writing a work

¹ *Malone's Shakespeare*, (1794), II, 191.

² *Shirley's Dramatic Works*, ed. Dyce, I, xix.

³ *Biographica Dramatica*, II, 46.

⁴ *Chronicle English Drama*, II, 238.

⁵ *History of English Drama*, III, 107.

representative of the new comedy of manners. Equally irreconcilable is the idea that he revised it. I have been unable to discover any literary connection between Shirley and Chapman beyond that involved in *Chabot*.

Chabot is the story of a man so upright and honorable, that he refused to give his assent to an unjust bill even after the King had signed it. Several creatures and officials of the court whose schemes had been thus balked by Chabot sought to compass his ruin. They found allies in the Queen who disliked the wife of Chabot, and in Montmorencie, the Constable of France, a man of good impulses, but too easily influenced by others. The King was led to believe that Chabot had shown disrespect toward him, and, when the Admiral persisted in his determination to oppose the unjust measure favored by the King, appointed a Commission to investigate Chabot's acts. The Chancellor Poyet, to whom the matter was entrusted, was prejudiced against Chabot, and though only the most trivial offenses were proved against the Admiral, the Chancellor by means of threats forced the judges to sign a decree declaring him guilty of treason. The object of the King was to humiliate the Admiral by having his faults brought to light, not to punish him for their commission. Believing that his purpose was accomplished, the King offered to pardon Chabot; but the latter conscious of his own rectitude, refused to accept a pardon which implied that he had been guilty of crime. The King soon discovered how the conviction of the Admiral had been brought about; he summoned the Chancellor, and after denouncing him for his injustice, ordered him to trial for his perversion of justice. The Chancellor confessed his guilt and received a heavy sentence. The King now sought to advance Chabot to a position of greater trust, but the ordeal had been too much for the high-souled Admiral who soon died of a broken heart.

Few students of the drama can object to Swinburne's¹ enthusiastic estimation of the play. Koepfel, however, says, referring to the hero, "Der stolze, selbstbewusset Mann schreit im Drama wie ein prahlerischer Grobian, der jede dem Fürsten schuldige Rücksicht vergisst und ihm ein über das andere Mal versichert, dass seine Verdienste alle Gnadenbeweise mehr als aufwögen."² The distinguished German scholar fails to note the reason for Chabot's firmness, but the high sense of duty and official integrity would not have been lost upon an Elizabethan audience capable of appreciating personal independence. We have in Chabot not a "prahlerischer Grobian," but a man whom even the favor of his King could not tempt to do a wrong act. However, it may be questioned whether such an attitude was likely to find favor at a court whose monarch believed that the king could do no wrong.

The earliest mention of the source of *Chabot* was made by Langbaine, who writes: "For the Plot, see the French Chronologers, and Historians in the Reign of Francis the First; such as Paulus Jovius Arnoldus in his Continuation of Paulus Aemilius, Mart. Longeus De Serres, Mezeray, etc."³ Koepfel⁴ shows that none of these furnished material for Chapman. Mezeray must be rejected on chronological grounds; Paulus Jovius and Jean de Serres do not mention the process against the admiral, and Arnoldus contains but a short notice from which the most striking details of the drama are omitted. No historian named Martin Longeus has been found. Koepfel, however, has undoubtedly discovered one of the sources used by Chapman in a work entitled *Les Recherches de la France d'Estienne Pas-*

¹ *Essay on Chapman's Poetical and Dramatic Works*, ed. Shepherd pp. xliv-xlv.

² *Quellen-Studien zu den Dramen George Chapman's, etc.*, p. 55.

³ *English Dramatic Poets*, p. 477.

⁴ *Quellen-Studien, zu den Dramen George Chapman's, etc.*, note p. 52.

quier Augmentees en ceste derniere edition de trois Liures entiers, outre plusieurs Chapitres entrelassez en chacun des autres Liures, tirez de la Bibliotheque de l'Auth eur. A Paris MDCXXI. The ninth chapter of book sixteen bears the title: "*Du procez extraordinaire fait, premierement à Messire Philippe Chabot Admiral de France, puis à Messire Guillaume Pouyet Chancelier.*" A comparison of the incidents of the drama with the contents of this chapter will show the extent of Chapman's indebtedness to the French historian. Act I of *Chabot* deals with the reconciliation of Chabot, the Admiral of France, with the Constable Montmorency. The Treasurer, Chancellor and Secretary induce the Constable to enter a plot to undermine Chabot's influence with the King. The latter is induced to sign an unjust decree, which Chabot not only refuses to allow but angrily tears into pieces. Of these facts no mention whatever is made in Pasquier, in fact the historian suggests that the King's change of attitude to Chabot was due to a whim. "*Le Roy ne croyoit qu'en luy seul, entre ceux qui avoient son oreille. Toutesfois comme les opinions des Roys se changent sans sçauoir quelques-fois pourquoy, aussi commença-il avecques le temps de se lasser de luy, et en fin il luy despleut tout à fait.*" In Act II, the Queen urges the King to punish the Admiral for the affront offered to the royal name in tearing the bill; the Constable and Admiral meet and reproach each other; the King has an interview with the Admiral and threatens to issue a process against him, if he does not humble himself. Chabot, conscious of his own rectitude, refuses. The King sends for the Chancellor and directs him to bring the Admiral to trial. The substance of the interview between the King and Chabot is taken from Pasquier. Koepfel¹ shows that in many cases an almost literal

¹ *Quellen—Studien zu den Dramen George Chapman's, etc.*, p. 54

translation is made. The dramatist's use of his material is indicated by the following excerpts: "Entre ceux qui eurent bonne part en ses [Francois I] bonne graces, ce fut Messire Philippe Chabot, et ne trouue Seigneur de tout ce temps-là ny depuis qui eut approché nos Roys, lequel ait esté tant chargé de dignitez que cestuy. Car il estoit Cheualier de l'Ordre, Admiral de France, Lieutenant General du Roy au pays et Duché de Bourgogne, Conseiller au Conseil Priué, et en outre Lieutenant general de Monsieur de Dauphin aux Gouuernemens de Dauphiné et de Normandie."¹ Compare with this the following:

King, Of all that ever shar'd in my free graces
You *Philip Chabot* a meane Gentleman
Have not I rais'd you to a supremest Lord,
And given you greater dignities than any?

Have not I made you first a Knight of the Order?
Then Admirall of *France*, then *Count Byzanges*,
Lord, and Livetenant generall of all
My country, and command of *Burgady*;
Livetenant generall likewise of my sonne
Daulphine, and heire, and of all *Normandy*,
And of my chiefly honor'd privy Counsell,
And cannot all these powers weigh downe your will?²

The third act opens with the appearance of the accused Admiral, his wife and her father; the wife asserts her loyalty to her husband; the Queen accompanied by the enemies of the Admiral appears. The scene between the Queen and the wife and a similar scene at the beginning of the fourth act constitute the most effective parts of the play. Nowhere else has Chapman succeeded so well in his portrayal of women. Pasquier

¹ *Pasquier*, l. c, p. 472 B.

² *Chabot*, Act II, ll. 213-226.

gives no hint of feminine influence upon the fortunes of Chabot. In reality it was not the Queen but the Duchesse d'Estampes, the mistress of the King, who was concerned in the matter. Gaspard de Saulx, Seigneur de Tavannes mentions the affair briefly as follows:

"Le Roy sort de la prison du bois de Vincennes Phillippes Chabot, admiral de France, confiné par commissaires, non par justice. Les dames avoient aidé à sa faveur, par les dames elle se pert, contendant madame d'Estampes avec madame l'admirale de Brion. Le connestable luy avoit nuit: la faveur n'admet de compaignon; il s'estoit roidy contre son maistre, et demande justice sans faveur. Sa liberté fur l'appointement de Madame d'Estampes, laquelle establie ne craignoit plus madame l'admirale. Les conditions fuerent la mariage du fils aîné de monsieur l'admirals, avec la niepce de madame d'Estampes."¹

When one recalls Chapman's experience in connection with the Biron plays, it does not seem strange that he avoided mention of a mistress of the King in his subsequent dramas. That part of the third act which deals with the trial of the Admiral is taken from Pasquier. The speeches of the Proctor-general are close translations of the original narrative. The device of the Judges in affixing "vi." to their names appears in Pasquier; the offer of the King, Act IV, to pardon the Admiral and his refusal to accept the royal pardon are taken from the French narrative, but are slightly expanded by Chapman. Pasquier moralizes concerning the advantage of uprightness in a Judge as follows: "Je vous ay recité deux Histoires dont pourrez recueillir deux leçons: L'une que quelque commission qu'un Juge reçoit de son Prince, il doit tousiours buter à la Justice, et non aux passions de celui qui le met en oeuvre, lequel revenant avec le temps à son mieux penser, se repent après de sa soudaineté, et reconnoist tout à loisir celui

¹ *Nouvelle Collection des Memoires*, VIII, 100.

estre indigne de porter le tiltre de Juge, qui a abusé de sa conscience pour luy complaire." Chapman puts this into the mouth of the King:

King. Be you two joyn'd in the commission,
And nothing urg'd but justly, of me learning
This one more lesson out of the events
Of these affaires now past, that whatsoever
Charge or Commission Iudges have from us,
They ever make their ayme ingenuous Iustice,
Not partiall for reward, or swelling favour,
To which if your King steere you, spare to obey;
For when his troubled blood is cleere, and calme,
He will repent that he pursued his rage,
Before his pious Law, and hold that Iudge
Vnworthy of his place, that lets his censure
Flote in the waves of an imagin'd favour,
This shipwracks in the haven, and but wounds
Their consciences that sooth the soone ebb'd humours
Of their incensed King.¹

The fifth act treats of the trial and conviction of the Chancellor and the death of Chabot. Some hints were furnished by Pasquier for the trial scene, but there is much in the dramatic account that is original or from other sources than Pasquier. Only a brief mention is made of the Admiral's death by the historian. "Le coup toutesfois du premier arrest l'vlcera de telle façon qu'il ne suruesquit pas longuement." Chabot died June 1, 1543, more than two years after his trial.

It is evident then that the narrative of Pasquier furnished those parts of the drama which deal with the relations of Chabot and the King, the trial and conviction of the Admiral, and his subsequent pardon by the King. The narrative is slightly expanded by the dramatist, but in many cases there is an almost literal translation. The

¹ *Chabot*, Act IV, ll. 441-456.

same source doubtless furnished a few facts which were elaborated in the account of the trial of the Chancellor. Montmorency is named by Pasquier but not in connection with Chabot. The other characters are not mentioned by the historian. An examination of the works of the French chronologers of this period has failed to show anything (except the brief mention by de Saulx) that might have been used as a source. I cannot, however, regard these characters as the creation of Chapman. While not nearly all his plays have been traced to their sources, it is remarkable that in all the cases in which his sources have been discovered, his method is the same. He selects his episodes or incidents from different authors and follows the original closely; when there is expansion, it is due to Chapman's tendency to make his characters indulge in a train of philosophic reflection. This tendency is illustrated in the *Biron* plays and in *The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois*. The question whether Pasquier was the *immediate* source used by Chapman remains to be considered. Koepfel had made out a strong case in favor of his theory of Chapman's use of the original material; but Professor Boas in the article above mentioned seems to have proved that in the case of the *Biron* plays and *The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois* the dramatist used Grimeston's translation and not the original sources. It seems not unlikely that the historical matter used in writing *Chabot* was obtained from a similar source; but I have not been able to find any record of an English translation of Pasquier. There is none in the British Museum. Possibly a fuller investigation of the various stories from Italian and other sources might reveal the source of the minor scenes of this drama.

Mention has already been made of the reasons for the failure of this work as a dramatic production. I cannot but feel that there is another and a better reason for its failure. The play, which is essentially a comedy, is

converted into a tragedy. The fifth act is an excrescence. The first four acts have all the elements of serious comedy; there is nothing in them to prepare for the tragic scene of the fifth act. We have a fine example of a reconciling drama up to the beginning of that act. A plot is made against an honorable man, who can save himself only by compromising his honor; he is brought to trial and condemned; but by a sudden turn of the wheel the situation is changed, the guilty will be punished, and the upright Admiral elevated to a higher place of favor than he had before occupied. The death of Chabot serves no dramatic purpose unless one is to be found in his public forgiveness of the unjust Chancellor. It comes upon us just as the mind has accepted as proper and wise the solution of the fourth act. A part of the fifth act deals with the trial of the Chancellor, and though the manner in which the Proctor-general denounces the officer whom he so recently lauded is not without interest, from the dramatic point of view this second trial scene cannot be justified.

The principal anachronisms and inversions of historical facts have been mentioned. Chapman has probably neither more nor fewer of these than are to be found in the dramas of Shakespeare and the majority of the Elizabethan dramatists. He presents "not truth but things like truth." Fleay's supposition that "the play was an old one of Chapman's alluded to in *Northward Ho* and written c. 1604"¹ is disproved by the fact that at least one important source, Pasquier's narrative, was not published until 1621. Fleay continues, "The omission of proper names for the characters looks as if there were an under application intended. Could Chapman have written it concerning the Earl of Essex and Shirley have twisted it to point at Francis Bacon?" The fact that the drama could not have been written before

¹ *Chronicle of the English Drama*, II, 241.

1621 puts the first of these suggestions out of question as Essex had then been dead twenty years. The trial and conviction of Bacon occurred in 1621, but there is absolutely nothing in the drama that would lead to the identification of Bacon with Chabot. The circumstances attending the trials of the two men were entirely different. The charges against Bacon were specific; those against Chabot, general. Bacon was tried by the House of Lords; Chabot, by a Special Commission. Bacon sent a letter in which he admitted his guilt and implored the Lords to be merciful to him; Chabot appeared in person before his judges, denied his guilt, and though convicted, refused to accept pardon of the King. If any special application were intended by Chapman, it is much more likely that Bacon is to be identified with Poyet, the unjust Chancellor. There were doubtless very many persons who never forgave Bacon for the severity with which he attacked his former patron, the impulsive Essex, when that nobleman was brought to trial. These doubtless experienced a feeling of satisfaction when Bacon was himself convicted of receiving bribes and degraded from his high office. The speech of the Advocate at the trial of Chabot, bears a definite resemblance to the speech of Bacon at the trial of Essex. The plan is the same in both addresses: Both speakers compliment the judges upon their intelligence, both dwell upon the wickedness of a man who could meditate treason against his Sovereign; the goodness of the Sovereign is emphasized by both speakers; Bacon compares Essex to Cain; the Proctor-general compares Chabot to Brutus; Essex is urged not to justify his conduct; Chabot is reproached for justifying himself.

If the Chancellor of the drama can be identified with Bacon the eulogistic speech of the Proctor-general, wherein he refers to the Chancellor as "so full of equity, so noble, so notable in the progress

of his life, so innocent, in the manage of his office so incorrupt," is a fine piece of satire. A further resemblance is to be found in the sentences inflicted on Bacon and the Chancellor Poyet; both were sentenced to pay heavy fines, to lose their offices, to be incapable of again holding office and to suffer imprisonment. Sentences of this kind were common during the reign of King James, but the similarity of the punishments of the two men adds to the possibility of their identification.

The resemblances just enumerated are not offered as proofs of the identity of Poyet with Bacon, but as suggesting the possibility, or even probability that a satire upon the fallen Lord Chancellor was intended.

THE
TRAGEDIE
OF
CHABOT
ADMIRALL OF
FRANCE.

As it vvas presented by her
Majesties Servants, at the private
House in *Drury Lane*.



Written by } *George Chapman,*
 } *and*
 } *James Shirley.*



LONDON,
Printed by *The Cotes,* for *Andrew Crooke,*
and *William Cooke.*
1639.

S P E A K E R S .

ASALL.
ALLEGRE.
KING.
QUEENE.
TREASUROR.
CHANCELLOR.
ADMIRALL.
FATHER.
GENERALL.

CHABOT.
IUDGES.
OFFICERS
SECRETARY.
VUSHERS.
CONSTABLE.
COURTIERS.
PORTER.
GUARD.

The *TRAGEDIE* of *PHILIP CHABOT*,
ADMIRALL of *FRANCE*.

Actus Primus.

Enter Asall, and Allegre.

Asall. Now *Phillip Chabot*, Admirall of *France*,
The great, and onely famous Favorite
To *Francis* first of that Imperiall name,
Hath found a fresh competitor in glory,
(*Duke Montmorancie*, Constable of *France*)
Who drinkes as deepe as he of the streame Royall,
And may in little time convert the strength
To raise his spring, and blow the others fall.

Al. The world would wish it so, that will not patiently
Endure the due rise of a vertuous man. 10

As. If he be vertuous, what is the reason
That men affect him not, why is he lost
Toth' generall opinion, and become
Rather their hate than love?

Al. I wonder you
Will question it, aske a ground or reason
Of men bred in this vile degenerate age;
The most men are not good, and it agrees not
With impious natures to allow whats honest,
Tis an offence enough to be exalted
To regall favours, great men are not safe 20
In their owne vice, where good men by the hand
Of Kings are planted to survey their workings;
What man was ever fixt'ith Sphere of honour,
And precious to his Sovereigne, whose actions,
Nay very soule was not expos'd to every

Common and base dissection? and not onely
 That which in Nature hath excuse, and in
 Themselves is priviledg'd by name of frailtie,
 But even Vertues are made crimes, and doom'd
 Toth' fate of Treason.

As. A bad age the while, 30
 I aske your pardon Sir, but thinkes your judgement,
 His love to Justice, and Corruptions hate
 Are true and hearty?

Al. Iudge your selfe by this
 One argument, his hearty truth to all,
 For in the heart hath anger his wisest seate,
 And gainst unjust suites such brave anger fires him,
 That when they seeke to passe his place and power,
 Though mov'd, and urg'd by the other minion,
 Or by his greatest friends, and even the King
 Leade them to his allowance with his hand, 40
 First given in Bill, assign'd, even then his spirit,
 (In nature calme as any Summers evening)
 Puts up his Whole powers like a Winters sea,
 His bloud boyles over, and his heart even cracks
 At the injustice, and he teares the Bill,
 And would doe, were he for't to be torne in peeces.

As. Tis brave I sweare.

Al. Nay it is worthy your wonder,
 That I must tell you further, theres no Needle
 In a Sunne Diall plac'd upon his steele
 In such a tender posture, that doth tremble 50
 The timely Diall being held amisse,
 And will shake ever, till you hold it right
 More tender than himsefe in any thing
 That he concludes in Iustice for the State:
 For as a fever held him, hee will shake
 When he is signing any things of weight,
 Least humane frailty should misguide his justice.

As. You have declar'd him a most noble Iusticer.

Al. He truely weighes and feeles Sir, what a charge
 The subjects livings are (being even their lives 60

Laid on the hand of power,) which abus'd¹
Though seene, blood flownot from the justice seate,
Tis in true sence as grievous, and horrid.

As. It argues nothing lesse, but since your Lord
Is diversly reported for his parts,
Whats your true censure of his generall worth,
Vertue and Iudgement.

Al. As of a Picture wrought to opticke reason,
That to all passers by, seemes as they move
Now woman, now a Monster, now a Divell,
And till you stand, and in a right line view it,
You cannot well judge what the maine forme is,
So men that view him but in vulgar passes
Casting but laterall, or partiall glances,
At what he is, suppose him weake, unjust,
Bloody, and monstrous, but stand free and fast,
And judge him by no more than what you know
Ingenuously, and by the right laid line
Of truth, he truely, will all stiles deserve
Of wise, just, good, a man both soule and nerve. 80

As. Sir, I must joyne in just beleefe with you,
But whats his rivall the Lord high Constable?

Al. As just, and well inclin'd when hee's himselfe,
(Not wrought on with the counsells, and opinions
Of other men) and the maine difference is,
The Admirall is not flexible nor wonne
To move one scruple, when he comprehends
The honest tract and justnesse of a cause,
The Constable explores not so sincerely
The course hee runnes, but takes the minde of others 90
(By name Iudiciall) for what his owne
Iudgement, and knowledge should conclude.

As. A fault
In my apprehension, anothers knowledge
Applied to my instruction, cannot equall

¹ Dyce punctuates which abus'd,
Though seen blood flow not, etc.

My owne soules knowledge, how to informe Acts;
 The Sunnes rich radiance shot through waves most faire,
 Is but a shaddow to his beames ith' ayre,
 His beames that in the ayre we so admire,
 Is but a darkenesse to his flame in fire,
 In fire his fervour but as vapour flies 100
 To what his owne pure bosome rarifies:
 And the Almighty wisdom, having given
 Each man within himselfe an apter light
 To guide his acts, than any light without him
 (Creating nothing not in all things equall)
 It seemes a fault in any that depend
 On others knowledge, and exile their owne.

Al. Tis nobly argued, and exemplified,
 But now I heare my Lord, and his young rivall
 Are to be reconcil'd, and then one light 110
 May serve to guide them both.

As. I wish it may, the King being made first mover
 To forme their reconcilement, and enflame it
 With all the sweetnesse of his praise and honour.

Al. See, tis dispatch'd I hope, the King doth grace it.

*Loud Musicke, and Enter Vshers before, the Secre-
 tary, Tresuror, Chancellor, Admirall,
 Constable hand in hand, the King
 following, others attend.*

Kin. This doth expresse the noblest fruit of peace.

Cha. Which when the great begin, the humble end
 In joyfull imitation, all combining
 A gardian beyond the¹ 'hrigian knot
 Past wit to lose it, or the sword, be still so. 120

Tre. Tis certaine Sir, by concord least things grow
 Most great, and flourishing like trees that wrap
 Their forehead in the skies, may these doe so.

Kin. You heare my Lord, all that is spoke contends
 To celebrate with pious vote the attonement
 So lately, and so nobly made betweene you.

¹So printed in quarto.

Ad. Which for it selfe Sir,¹ resolve to keepe
Pure, and inviolable, needing none
To encourage or confirme it, but my owne
Love and allegiance to your sacred counsell. 130

Kin. Tis good, and pleases, like my dearest health,
Stand you firme on that sweete simplicitie.

Con. Past all earth pollicie that would infringe it.

Kin. Tis well, and answers all the doubts suspected.

Enter one that whispers with the Admirall.
And what moves this close message *Phillip*?

Adm. My wives Father Sir, is closely come to Court.

King. Is he come to the Court, whose aversation
So much affects him, that he shunnes and flies it,
What's the strange reason that he will not rise
Above the middle region he was borne in? 140

Adm. He saith Sir, tis because the extreame of height
Makes a man lesse seeme to the imperfect eye
Then he is truely, his acts envied more,
And though he nothing cares for seeming, so
His being just stand firme twixt heaven and him,
Yet since in his soules jealousy, hee feares
That he himselfe advanced, would undervalue
Men placed beneath him, and their businesse with him,
Since height of place oft dazles height of judgement,
He takes his toppe-saile downe in such rough stormes, 150
And apts his sailes to ayres more temperate.

Kin. A most wise soule he has, how long shall Kings
Raise men that are not wise till they be high?
You haue our leave, but tell him *Phillip* wee
Would have him neerer.

Con. Your desires attend you.

Enter another.

Kin. We know from whence you come, say to the
Queene,
We were comming to her, tis a day of love

¹ Dyce inserts *I*.

And she seales all perfection.

Exit.

Tre. My Lord,
We must beseech your stay.

Con. My stay?

Cha. Our Counsellors

Have led you thus farre to your reconcilment, 160
And must remember you, to observe the end
At which in plaine I told you then wee aim'd at,
You know we all urg'd the attonement, rather
To enforce the broader difference betweene you,
Then to conclude your friendshippe, which wise men
Know to be fashionable, and priviledg'd pollicie,
And will succcede betwixt you, and the Admirall
As sure as fate, if you please to get sign'd
A sute now to the King with all our hands,
Which will so much increase his precise justice, 170
That weighing not circumstances of politicke State,
He will instantly oppose it, and complaine,
And urge in passion, what the King will sooner
Punish than yeeld too, and so render you
In the Kings frowne on him, the onely darling,
And mediate power of *France*.

Con. My good Lord Chancellor,
Shall I so late atton'd, and by the Kings
Hearty and earnest motion, fall in peeces?

Cha. Tis he, not you that breake.

Tre. Ha not you patience
So let him burne himselfe in the Kings flame? 180

Cha. Come, be not Sir infected with a spice
Of that too servile equitie, that renders
Men free borne slaves, and rid with bits like horses,
When you must know my Lord; that even in nature
A man is *Animall politicum*,
So that when he informes his actions simply
He does in both gainst pollicie and nature,
And therefore our soule motion is affirm'd
To be like heavenly natures circular,

And circles being call'd ambitious lines, 190
 We must like them become ambitious ever,
 And endles in our circumventions;
 No tough hides limiting our cheverill mindes.

Tre. Tis learnedly, and past all answer argued,
 Yare great, and must grow greater still, and greater,
 And not be like a dull and standing lake,
 That settles, putrifies, and chokes with mudde,
 But like a river gushing from the head,
 That windes through the undervailes, what checkes
 oreflowing

Gets strength still of his course, 200
 Till with the Ocean meeting, even with him
 In sway, and title, his brave billowes move.

Con. You speake a rare affection, and high soules,
 But give me leave great Lords, still my just thankes
 Remembred to your counsells and direction,
 I seeking this way to confirme my selfe
 I undermine the columnes that support
 My hopefull glorious fortune, and at once
 Provoke the tempest, though did drowne my envie,
 With what assurance shall the King expect 210
 My faith to him, that breake it for another,
 He has engag'd our peace, and my revenge
 Forfits my trust with him, whose narrow sight
 Will penetrate through all our mists, could we
 Vaile our designe with clouds blacker than night;
 But grant this danger over, with what Iustice,
 Or satisfaction to the inward Iudge,
 Shall I be gultie of this good mans ruine,
 Though I may still the murmuring tongues without me,
 Loud conscience has a voyce to shadder¹ greatnesse. 220

Secr. A name to fright, and terrifie young statists,
 There is necessitie my Lord, that you
 Must lose your light, if you ecclipse not him,
 Two starres so Lucide cannot shine at once

¹ Dyce and Shepherd read *shudder*

In such a firmament, and better you
Extinguish his fires, then be made his fuell,
And in your ashes give his flame a Trophy.

Cha. My Lord, the league that you have vow'd of
friendship,

In a true understanding not confines you,
But makes you boundlesse, turne not edge at such 230
A liberty, but looke to your owne fortune;
Secure your honour, a Precisian,
In state, is a ridiculous miracle
Friendship is but a visor, beneath which
A wise man laughes to see whole families
Ruinde, upon whose miserable pile
He mounts to glory, Sir you must resolve
To use any advantage.

Con. Misery

Of rising Statesmen I must on, I see
That 'gainst the politicke, and priviledg'd fashion, 240
All justice tasts but affectation.

Cha. Why so? we shall do good on him ith'end. *Exeunt.*

Enter Father and the Admirall.

Adm. You are most welcome.

Fa. I wish your Lordships safetie,
Which whilst I pray for, I must not forget
To urge agen the wayes to fixe you where
No danger has accesse to threaten you.

Adm. Still your old argument, I owe your love fort.

Fa. But fortified with new and pregnant reasons,
That you should leave the Court.

Ad. I dare not Sir.

250

Fa. You dare be undone then.

Ad. I should be ingratefull

To such a master, as no subject boasted
To leave his service when they exact
My chiefest dutie, and attendance Sir.

Fa. Would thou wert lesse degraded from thy titles,
And swelling offices, that will ith'end

Engulfe thee past a rescue, I had not come
 So farre to trouble you at this time, but that
 I doe not like the loud tongues o' the world,
 That say the King has tane another favorite, 260
 The Constable a gay man, and a great,
 With a hugh traine of faction too, the Queene,
 Chancellor, Treasurer, Secretary, and
 An army of state warriers, whose discipline
 Is sure, and subtile to confusion,
 I hope the rumour's false, thou art so calme.

Adm. Report has not abus'd you Sir.

Fa. It has not,
 And you are pleas'd, then you doe mean to mixe
 With unjust courses, the great Constable
 And you combining, that no suite may passe 270
 One of the graples of your eithers rape,
 I that abhorr'd, must I now entertaine
 A thought, that your so straight, and simple custome
 To render Iustice, and the common good,
 Should now be patch'd with pollicy, and wrested
 From the ingenious step you tooke,
 And hang
 Upon the shoulders of your enemy
 To beare you out in what you shame to act.

Adm. Sir, We both are reconciled.

Fa. It followes then that both the acts must beare 280
 Like reconciliation, and if hee will now
 Maligne and mallice you for crossing him
 Or any of his faction in their suites,
 Being now atton'd, you must be one in all,
 One in corruption, and twixt you two millstones
 New pickt, and put together, must the graine
 Of good mens needfull meanes to live, be ground
 Into your choking superfluties;
 You both too rich, they ruinde.

Adm. I conceive Sir

Wee both may be enrich'd, and raise our fortunes 290
 Even with our places in our Soveraignes favour:

Though past the height of others, yet within
The rules of Law and Iustice, and approove
Our actions white and innocent.

Fa. I doubt it

While inforc'd shew perhaps, which will I feare
Prove in true substance but a Millers whitenesse,
More sticking in your clothes then conscience.

Adm. Your censure herein tasts some passion Sir,
And I beseech you nourish better thoughts,
Then to imagine that the Kings meere grace 300
Sustaines such prejudice by those it honours;
That of necessitie we must pervert it
With passionate enemies, and ambitious boundlesse
Avarice, and every licence incident
To fortunate greatnesse, and that all abuse it
For the most impious avarice of some.

Fa. As if the totall summe of favorites frailties
Affected not the full rule of their Kings
In their owne partially disposed ambitions,
And that Kings doe no hazard infinitely . 310
In their free realties of rights and honours,
Where they leave much for favourites powers to order.

Adm. But wee have such a master of our King
In the Imperiall art, that no power flies
Out of his favour, but his policie ties
A criance to it, to containe it still;
And for the reconcilment of us Sir,
Never were two in favour, that were more,
One in all love of Iustice, and true honour,
Though in the act and prosecution 320
Pehaps we differ. Howsoever yet
One beame us both creating, what should let
That both our soules should both one mettle beare,
And that one stampe, one word, one character.

Fa. I could almost be won to be Courtier,
Theres some thing more in's composition,
Then ever yet was favourites.

Enter a Courtier.

Whats hee?

Cour. I bring your Lordship a sign'd bill, to have
The addition of your honor'd hand, the counsell
Have all before subscribed, and full prepar'd it. 330

Ad. It seemes then they have weigh'd the importance
of it,
And know the grant is just.

Cour. No doubt my Lord,
Or else they take therein the Constables word,
It being his suite, and his power having wrought
The King already to appose his hand.

Adm. I doe not like his working of the King,
For if it be a suite made knowne to him,
And fit to passe, he wrought himselfe to it,
However my hand goes to no such grant,
But first I'le know and censure it myselfe. 340

Cour. A he,¹ if thou beest goddessse of contention
That *Iove* tooke by the haire, and hurl'd from heaven
Assume in earth thy empire, and this bill
Thy firebrand make to turne his love, thus tempted
Into a hate, as horrid as thy furies.

Adm. Does this beare title of his Lordships suite?

Cour. It does my Lord, and therefore he beseech'd
The rather your dispatch.

Adm. No thought the rather,
✓ But now the rather all the powers against it,
The suite being most injuste, and he pretending 350
In all his actions justice, on the sudden
After his so late vow not to violate it,
Is strange and vile, and if the King himselfe
Should owne and urge it, I would stay and crosse it,
For tis within the free power of my office,
And I should straine his kingdome if I past it,
I see their poore attempts, and giddy malice;

¹ Até; so in Dyce and Shepherd.

Is this the reconciliation that so lately
 He vow'd in sacred witness of the King?
 Assuring me, he never more would offer
 To passe a suite unjust, which I well know
 This is, above all, and have often beene urg'd
 To give it passage, be you Sir the Judge.

360

Fa. I wonot¹ meddle

With any thing of state, you knew long since.

Adm. Yet you may heare it Sir.

Fa. You wonot urge

My opinion then, go to.

Adm. An honest merchant

Presuming on our league of *France* with *Spaine*,
 Brought into *Spaine* a wealthy ship, to vent
 Her fit commodities to serve the country,
 Which, in the place of suffering their saile
 Were seas'd to recompence a *Spanish* ship
 Priz'd by a *French man*, ere the league was made,
 No suites, no letters of our Kings could gaine
 Our merchants first right in it, but his letters
 Vnreverently received, the Kings selfe scandall,
 Besides the leagues breach, and the foule injustice
 Done to our honest merchant, who endured all,
 Till some small time since (authoris'd by our counsell,
 Though not in open Court) he made a ship out,
 And tooke a *Spaniard*, brings all home, and sues
 To gaine his full prov'd losse, full recompence
 Of his just prize, his prize is staid and ceaz'd,
 Yet for the Kings disposure, and the *Spaniard*
 Makes suite to be restor'd her, which this bill
 Would faine get granted, faining (as they hop'd)
 With my allowance, and way given to make
 Our Countrey mans in *Spaine* their absolute prize.

370

380

Fa. I were² absolute injustice.

Adm. Should I passe it.

¹ *Will not* in Dyce and Shepherd.

² *Twere* in Dyce and Shepherd.

Fa. Passe life, and state before.

Adm. If this would seeme
His Lordships suite, his love to me, and justice
Including plots upon me, while my simplenesse
Is seriously vow'd to reconcilment;
Love him good vulgars, and abhorre me still,
For if I court your flatterie with my crimes,
Heavens love before me fly, till in my tombe
I sticke pursuing it, and for this bill,
Thus say twas shiver'd, blesse us equall heaven! *Exit.*

Fa. This could I cherish, now above his losse,
You may report as much, the bill discharg'd Sir. 400

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter King and Queen, Secretary with the Torne Bill.

Kin. Is it ene so.

Que. Good heaven how tame you are?
Doe Kings of *France* reward foule Traitors thus?

Kin. No Traitor, y'are too loude, *Chabots* no Traitor,
He has the passions of a man about him,
And multiplicitie of cares may make
Wise men forget themselves, come be you patient.

Qu. Can you be so, and see your selfe thus torne.

Kin. Our selfe.

Qu. There is some left, if you dare owne,
Your royall character, is not this your name?

Kin. Tis *Francis* I confesse.

Qu. Be but a name
If this staine live upon't, affronted, by 10
Your subject, shall the sacred name of King,
A word to make your nation bow and tremble,

Be thus profain'd, are lawes establish'd
 To punish the defacers of your image,
 But dully set by the rude hand of others
 Vpon your coine, and shall the character
 That doth include the blessing of all *France*,
 Your name, thus written by your royall hand
 Design'd for Justice, and your Kingdomes honour, 20
 Not call up equall anger to reward it?
 Your Counsellors of state contemn'd and slighted
 'As in this braine more circumscrib'd all wisdom, e,
 And pollicy of Empire, and your power,
 Subordinate and subject to his passion.

Kin. Come, it concernes you not.

Qu. Is this the consequence
 Of an attonement made so lately betweene
 The hopefull *Mountmorencie*, and his Lordship
 Vrge² by your selfe with such a precious sanction;
 Come, he that dares doe this, wants not a heart, 30
 But opportunitie.

Kin. To doe what?

Qu. To teare your crowne off.

Kin. Come your language doth taste more
 Of rage and womanish flame than solid reason
 Against the Admirall, what commands of yours
 Not to your expectation obey'd
 By him, is ground of your so keene displeasure?

Qu. Commands of mine? he is too great, and powerfull
 To stoope to my employment, a *Colossus*,
 And can stride from one Province to another
 By the assistance of those offices
 You have most confidently impos'd upon him,
 Tis he, not you take up the peoples eyes
 And admiration, while his Princely wife.

Kin. Nay then I reach the spring of your distaste,
 He has a wife,—

¹ A corrupt line: Shepherd reads, *As in his braine were*, etc.
 Urged.

Enter Chancellor, Treasurer, and whisper with the King.

Qu. Whom for her pride I love not,
And I but in her husbands ruine
Can triumph ore her greatnesse.

King. Well, well, Ile thinke on't? *Exi*

Cha. He beginnes to incline,
Madam you are the soule of our great worke.

Qu. Ile follow, and imploy my powers upon him. 50

Tre. We are confident you will prevaile at last,
And for the pious worke oblige the King to you.

Cha. And us your humblest creatures.

Que. Presse no further. *Exit Que.*

Cha. Lets seeke out my Lord Constable.

Tre. And inflame him.

Cha. To expostulate with *Chabot*, something may
Arise from thence, to pull more weight upon him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Father and Allegre.

Fa. How sorts the businesse? how tooke the King
The tearing of his bill?

Al. Exceeding well,
And seem'd to smile at all their grimme complaints,
Gainst all that outrage to his highnesse hand, 60
And said in plaine, he sign'd it but to try
My Lords firme Iustice.

Fa. What a sweete King tis?

Al. But how his rivall the Lord Constable
Is labour'd by the Chancellor, and others to retort
His wrong with ten parts more upon my Lord,
Is monstrous?

Fa. Neede hee their spurres?

Al. ¹I Sir, for hees afraid
To beare himselfe too boldly in his braves
Vpon the King (being newly entred Mynion)
Since tis but patience sometime they thinke; 70

¹ *As in Dyce and Shepherd.*

Because the favor spending in two streames,
 One must runne low at length, till when he dare
 Take fire in such flame, as his faction wishes,
 But with wise feare containes himselfe, and so
 Like a greene faggot in his kindling smoakes,
 And where the Chancellor his chiefe Cyclops findes
 The fire within him apt to take, he blowes,
 And then the faggot flames, as never more
 The bellowes needed, till the too soft greenenesse
 Of his state habit, shewes his sappe still flowes, 80
 Above the solid timber, with which, then
 His blaze shrinkes head, he cooles, and smoakes agen.

Fa. Good man he would be, wod the bad not spoile him.

Al. True Sir, but they still ply him with their arts,
 And as I heard have wrought him, personally
 To question my Lord with all the bitterness
 The galls of all their faction can powre in,
 And such an expectation hangs upon't,
 Though all the Court as 'twere with child, and long'd
 To make a mirror of my Lords cleare blood, 90
 And therein see the full ebbe of his flood,
 And therefore if you please to counsell him
 You shall performe a fathers part.

Fa. Nay since
 Hees gone so farre, I wod not have him feare
 But dare e'm, and yet ile not meddle int.

Enter Admirall.

Hees here, if he have wit to like his cause,
 His spirit wonot be asham'd to die int. *Exit.*

Al. My Lord retire, y'are way-laid in your walkes,
 Your friendes are all fallen from you, all your servants
 Suborn'd by all advantage to report 100
 Each word you whisper out, and to serve you
 With hat and knee, while other have their hearts.

Adm. Much profit may my foes make of such servants,

I love no enemy I have so well,
To take so ill a bargaine from his hands.

Al. Their other oddes yet shun, all being combinde,
And lodg'd in ambush ariv'd to doe you mischiefe
By any meanes past feare of law, or soveraigne.

Adm. I wake no desart, yet goe arm'd with that,
That would give wildest beasts instincts to rescue, 110
Rather than offer any force to hurt me;
My innocence is, which is a conquering justice,
As weares a shield, that both defends and fights.

All. One against all the world.

Adm. The more the oddes,
The lesse the conquest, or if all the world
Be thought an army fit to employ against one,
That one is argued fit to fight gainst all;
If I fall under them, this breast shall beare
Their heape digested in my sepulchre,
Death is the life of good men, let e'm come. 120

Enter Constable, Chancellor, Treasurer, Secretary.

Con. I thought my Lord our reconcilment perfect,
You have exprest what sea of gall flow'd in you,
In tearing of the bill I sent to allow.

Adm. Dare you confesse the sending of that bill.

Con. Dare, why not?

Adm. Because it breake your oath
Made in our reconcilment, and betrayes
The honour, and the chiefe life of the King
Which is his justice.

Con. Betraies?

Adm. No lesse, and that Ile prove to him.

Omnes. You cannot.

Trea. I would not wish you offer at an action 130
So most impossibily, and much against
The judgement, and favour of the King.

Adm. His judgement nor his favour I respect,
So I preserve his Iustice.

Cha. Tis not Iustice,
Which I'll prove by law, and absolute learning.

Adm. All your great law, and learning are but words,
When I plead plainely, naked truth and deedes,
Which though you seeke to fray with state, and glory,
I'll shoote a shaft at all your globe of light,
If lightning split it, yet twas high and right. *Exit.* 140

Con. Brave resolution so his acts be just,
He cares for gaine not honour.

Chan. How came he then
By all his infinite honour and his gaine?

Tre. Well said, my Lord.

Sec. Answer but onely that.

Con. By doing justice still in all his actions.

Sec. But if this action prove unjust, will you
Say all his other may be so as well,
And thinke your owne course fitter farre than his.

Con, I will—

Exit.

Cha. He cooles, we must not leave him, we have no 150
Such engine to remove the Admirall. *Exeunt.*

Enter King and the Admirall.

Kin. I prethee *Philip* be not so severe
To him I favour, tis an argument
That may serve one day to availe yourselfe,
Nor Does it square with your so gentle nature,
To give such fires of envie to your bloud;
For howsoever out of love to Iustice,
Your Iealousie of that doth so incense you,
Yet they that censure it will say tis envy.

Adm. I serve not you for them, but for your selfe, 160
And that good in your Rule, that Iustice does you,
And care not this what others say, so you
Please but to doe me right for what you know.

King. You will not doe your selfe right, why should I
Exceede you to your selfe?

Adm. My selfe am nothing

Compar'd to what I seeke, tis justice onely
The fount and flood, both of your strength and king-
domes.

King. But who knowes not, that extreame justice is
(by all ruld lawes) the extreame of injurie,
And must to you be so, the persons that 170
Your passionate heate calls into question
Are great, and many, and may wrong in you
Your rights of kinde, and dignities of fortune,
And I advanc'd you not to heape on you
Honours, and fortunes; that by strong hand now
Held up, and over you, when heaven takes off
That powerfull hand 'should thunder on your head,
And after you crush your surviving seedes.

Adm. Sir, your regards to both are great, and sacred,
But if the innocence, and right that rais'd me 180
And meanes for mine, can finde no friend hereafter
Of him that ever lives, and ever seconds
All Kings just bounties with defence, and refuge
In just mens races, let my fabricke ruine,
My stocke want sap, my branches by the roote
Be torne to death, and swept with whirlwindes out.

King. For my love no relenting.

Adm. No my leige,
Tis for your love, and right that I stand out.

King. Be better yet advis'd.

Adm. I cannot Sir
Should any Oracle become my counsell, 190
For that I stand not out, thus of set will,
Or pride of any singular conceite,
My enemies, and the world may clearely know,
I taste no sweetes to drowne in others gall;
And to affect in that which makes me lothed,
To leave my selfe and mine expos'd to all
The dangers you propos'd, my purchas'd honours,
And all my fortunes in an instant lost,
That mony, cares, and paines, and yeares have gather'd,
How mad were I to rave thus in my wounds, 200

Vnlesse my knowne health felt in these forc'd issues
 Were sound, and fit, and that I did not know
 By most true proofes, that to become sincere
 With all mens hates, doth farre exceede their loves,
 To be as they are, mixtures of corruption?
 And that those envies that I see pursue me
 Of all true actions are the naturall consequents
 Which being my object, and my resolute choise
 Not for my good but yours, I will have justice.

King. You will have justice, is your will so strong 210
 Now against mine? your power being so weake
 Before my favour gave them both their forces
 Of all that ever shar'd in my free graces
 You *Philip Chabot* a meane Gentleman
 Have not I rais'd you to a supremest Lord,
 And given you greater dignities than any?

Adm. You have so.

King. Well sed, and to spurre your dullnesse
 With the particulars to which I rais'd you,
 Have not I made you first a Knight of the Order?
 Then Admirall of *France*, then *Count Byzanges*, 220
 Lord, and Livetenant generall of all
 My country, and command of *Burgady*;
 Livetenant generall likewise of my sonne
Daulphine, and heire, and of all *Normandy*,
 And of my chiefly honor'd privy Counsell,
 And cannot all these powers weigh downe your will?

Adm. No Sir, they were not given me to that end,
 But to uphold my will, my will being just.

King. And who shall judge that Justice, you or I?

Adm. I Sir, in this case your royall thoughts are fitly 230
 Exempt from every curious search of one,
 You have the generall charge with care of all.

Kin. And doe not generalls include particulars?
 May not I Iudge of anything compriz'd
 In your particular as well as you?

Adm. Farre be the misery from you, that you may,
 My cares, paines, broken sleepe therein made more

Than yours should make me see more, and my forces
Render of better judgement.

King. Well Sir, grant
Your force in this my odds in benefits 240
Paid for your paines, put in the other scale,
And any equall holder of the ballance
Will shew my merits hoist yours to aire
In rule of any doubt or deed betwixt us.

Adm. You merit not of me for benefits
More than myselfe of you for services.

King. Ist possible.

Adm. Tis true.

King. Stand you on that?

Adm. I to the death and will approve to all men.

Kin. I am deceiv'd, but I shall finde good Judges
That will finde difference.

Adm. Finde them being good. 250

King. Still so? what if conferring
My bounties, and your services to sound them,
We fall foule on some licences of yours,
Nay, give me therein some advantage of you.

Adm. They cannot.

King. Not in sifting their severe discharges
Of all your offices?

Adm. The more you sift
The more you shall refine mee.

King. What if I
Grant out against you a commission
Ioyn'd with an extraordinary processe 260
To arrest, and put you in lawes hands for triall.

Adm. Not with lawes uttermost.

King. Ile throw the dice.

Adm. And Ile endure the chance,
The dice being square.

Adm. Repos'd in dreadlesse confidence, and conscience,
That all your most extreames shall never reach,
Or to my life, my goodes or honours breach.

King. Was ever heard so fine a confidence?

Must it not prove presumption, and can that
 Scape brackes and errors in your search of law,
 I prethee weigh yet, with more soule than danger, 270
 And some lesse passion.

Adm. Witnesse heaven, I cannot.

Were I dissolv'd, and nothing else but soule.

King. Beshrew my blood, but his resolves amaze me;
 Was ever such a Iustice in a subject,
 Of so much office left to his owne swinge
 That left to law thus, and his Soveraignes wrath,
 Could stand cleare spight of both? let reason rule
 Before it come at law, a man so rare
 In one thing cannot in the rest be vulgar,
 And who sees you not in the broad high-way 280
 The common dust up in your owne eyes, beating
 In quest of riches, honours, offices,
 As heartily in shew as most beleeve,
 And he that can use actions with the vulgar,
 Must needes embrace the same effects & cannot informe
 him;

Whatsoever he pretends, use them with such
 Free equitie, as fits one just and reall,
 Even in the eyes of men, nor stand at all parts
 So truly circular, so sound, and solid,
 But have his swellings out, his crackes and crannies, 290
 And therefore in this reason, before law
 Take you to her, least you affect and flatter
 Your selfe with mad opinions.

Adm. I were mad

Directly Sir, if I were yet to know
 Not the sure danger, but the certaine ruine
 Of men shot into law from Kings bent brow,
 There being no dreame from the most muddie braine
 Vpon the foulest fancie, that can forge
 More horreur in the shaddowes of meere fame,
 Then can some Lawyer in a man expos'd 300
 To his interpretation by the King,
 But these grave toyes I shall despise in death,

And while I live will lay them open so
(My innocence laid by them) that like foiles
They shall sticke of my merits tenne times more,
And make your bounties nothing, for who gives
And hits ith teeth, himselfe payes with the glory
For which he gave, as being his end of giving,
Not to crowne merits, or doe any good,
And so no thanks is due but to his glory. 310

King. Tis brave I sweare.

Adm. No Sir, tis plaine, and rude
But true, and spotlesse, and where you object
My hearty, and grosse vulgar love of riches,
Titles, and honours, I did never seeke them
For any love to them, but to that justice
You ought to use in their due gift to merits,
To shew you royall, and most open handed,
Not using for hands talons, pincers, grapples;
In whose gripes, and upon whose gord point,
Deserts hang sprawling out their vertuous limbs. 320

King. Better and better.

Adm. This your glory is
My deserts wrought upon no wretched matter,
But shew'd your royall palmes as free, and moist,
As *Ida*, all enchast with silver springs,
And yet my merit still their equall sings.

King. Sing till thou sigh thy soule out hence, and
leave us.

Adm. My person shall, my love and faith shall never.

King. Perish thy love, and faith, and thee forever;
Whose there?

Enter Asall.

Let one goe for the Chancellor.

Asa. He's here in Court Sir.

King. Haste and send him hither, 330
This is an insolence I never met with,
Can one so high as his degrees ascend?

Clime all so free, and without staine?
My Lord

Enter Chancellor.

Chancellor, I send for you about a service
Of equall price to me, as if againe
My ransome came to me from *Pavian* thraldome,
And more, as if from forth a subjects fetters,
The worst of servitudes my life were rescued.

Cha. You fright me with a Prologue of much trouble.

King. Me thinkes it might be, tell me out of all 340
Your famous learning, was there ever subject
Rais'd by his Soveraignes free hand from the dust,
Vp to a height above Ayres upper region,
That might compare with him in any merit
That so advanc'd him? and not shew in that
Grosse over-weening worthy cause to thinke
There might be other over-sights excepted
Of capitall nature in his sifted greatnesse.

Chan. And past question Sir, for one absurd thing
granted,
A thousand follow.

King. You must then employ 35
Your most exact, and curious art to explore
A man in place of greatest trust, and charge,
Whom I suspect to have abus'd them all,
And in whom you may give such proud veines vent,
As wll bewray their boyling bloud corrupted
Both gainst my crowne and life.

Cha. And may my life
Be curst in every act,
If I explore him not to every finer.¹

King. It is my Admirall.

Cha. Oh my good Leige
You tempt, not charge me with such search of him. 360

¹ *Fibre* in Dyce and Shepherd.

King. Doubt not my heartiest meaning, all the troubles
That ever mov'd in a distracted King,
Put in just feare of his assaulted life
And not above my sufferings for *Chabot*.

Cha. Then I am glad, and proud that I can cure you,
For he's a man that I am studied in,
And all his offices, and if you please
To give authoritie.

King. You shall not want it.

Cha. If I discharge you not of that disease,
About your necke growne, by your strange trust in
him,

370

With full discovery of the foulest treasons.

King. But I must have all prov'd with that free justice.

Cha. Beseech your Majestie doe not question it.

King. About it instantly, and take me wholly
Vpon your selfe.

Cha. How much you grace your servant?

King. Let it be fiery quicke.

Cha. It shall have wings,
And every feather shew the flight of Kings.

Actus Tertius.

*Enter Chancellor attended, the Proctor generall whispering
in his eare. Two Iudges following. They past.*

*Enter Chabot in his gowne, a gaurd about him, his father
and his wife on each side, Allegre.*

Adm. And have they put my faithfull servant to the
racke,
Heaven arme the honest man.

Fa. *Allegre* feeles the malice of the Chancellor.

Adm. Many upon the torture have confest
Things against truth, and yet his paine sits neerer
Than all my other feares, come don't weepe.

Wife. My Lord, I doe not grive out of a thought,
Or poore suspition, they with all their malice
Can staine your honour, but it troubles me,
The King should grant this licence to your enemies, 10
As he were willing to heare *Chabot* guilty.

Adm. No more, the King is just, and by exposing me
To this triall, meanes to render me
More happy to his subjects, and himselfe
His sacred will be obey'd, take thy owne spirit,
And let no thought infringe thy peace for me,
I goe to have my honours all confirm'd;
Farewell thy lip, my cause has so much innocence,
It shanot neede thy prayer, I leave her yours
Till my returne; oh let me be a sonne 20
Still in your thoughts, now Gentlemen set forward.

Exit.

Manente Father and Wife.

Fa. See you that trust in greatnesse, what sustaines
you,
These hazards you must looke for, you that thrust
Your heads into a cloud, where lie in ambush
The souldiers of state in privy armes
Of yellow fire jealous, and mad at all
That shoote their foreheads up into their forges,
And pry into their gloomy Cabbincts;
You like vaine Citizens that must goe see
Those ever burning furnaces, wherein 30
Your brittle glasses of estate are blowne;
Who knowes not you are all but puffe, and bubble
Of breath, and fume forg'd, your vile brittle natures
Cause of your dearenesse? were you tough and lasting,
You would be cheape, and not worth halfe your face,

Now, daughter Plannet strooke.

Wif. I am considering
What forme I shall put on, as best agreeing
With my Lords fortune.

Fa. Habit doe you meane,
'f minde or body?

Wif. Both wod be apparell'd.

Fa. In neither you have reason yet to mourne. 40

Wif. Ile not accuse my heart of so much weakenesse:
Twere a confession gainst my Lord. The Queene!

Enter Queene, Constable, Treasurer, Secretary.

She has exprest 'gainst me some displeasure.

Fa. Lets this way through the Gallery.

Qu. Tis she,

Doe you my Lord say I wod speake with her?
And has Allegre, one of chiefest trust with him
Suffered the racke? the Chancellor is violent;
And whats confest?

Tre. Nothing, he contemn'd all
That could with any cruelst paine explore him,
As if his minde had rob'd his nerves of sence, 50
And through them diffus'd fiery spirits above
All flesh and blood: for as his limbs were stretch'd,
His contempts too extended.

Qu. A strange fortitude!

Tre. But we shall lose th' arraignment.

Qu. The successe

Will soone arrive.

Tre. Youle not appeare, my Lord then?

Con. I desire

Your Lordship wod excuse me.

Tre. We are your servants. *Exiunt. Tre. & Sec.*

Con. She attends you Madam.

Qu. This humblenesse proceedes not from your heart;
Why, you are a Queene your selfe in your owne thoughts,
The Admiralls wife of *France* cannot be lesse, 60

You have not state enough, you shold not move
Without a traine of friends and servants.

Wif. There is some mystery
Within your language Madam, I woud hope
You have more charitie than to imagine
My present condition worth your triumph,
In which I am not so lost, but I have
Some friends and servants with proportion
To my Lords fortune, but none within the list
Of those that obey mee can be more ready 70
To expresse their duties, than my heart to serve
Your just commands.

Qu. Then pride will ebbe I see,
There is no constant flood of state, and greatnesse,
The prodigie is ceasing when your Lord
Comes to the ballance, hee whose blazing fires,
Shot wonders through the Kingdome, will discover
What flying and corrupted matter fed him.

Wif. My Lord?

Qu. Your high and mighty Justicer,
The man of conscience, the Oracle
Of State, whose honorable titles 80
Would cracke an Elephants backe, is now turn'd mortall,
Must passe examination, and the test
Of Law, have all his offices rip'd up,
And his corrupt soule laid open to the subjects,
His bribes, oppressions, and close sinnes that made
So many grone, and curse him, now shall finde
Their just reward, and all that love their country,
Blesse heaven, and the Kings Iustice, for removing
Such a devouring monster.

Fa. Sir your pardon

Madam you are the Queene, she is my daughter, 90
And he that you have character'd so monstrous,
My sonne in Law, now gon to be arraign'd
The King is just, and a good man, but't does not
Adde to the graces of your royall person
To tread upon a Lady thus dejected

By her owne griefe, her Lord's not yet found guilty,
Much lesse condemn'd, though you have pleas'd to execute
him.

Qu. What sawcy fellow's this?

Fa. I must confesse

I am a man out of this¹ element
No Courtier, yet I am a gentleman 100
That dare speak honest truth to the Queenes eare,
(A duty every subject wonot pay you)
And justifie it to all the world, there's nothing
Doth more ecclipse the honours of our soule,
Than an ill grounded, and ill followed passion,
Let flie with noise, and license against those
Whose hearts before are bleeding.

Con. Brave old man.

Fa. Cause you are a Queene to trample ore a woman,
Whose tongue and faculties are all tied up,
Strike out a Lyons teeth, and pare his clawes, 110
And then a dwarfe may plucke him by the beard,
Tis a gay victory.

Qu. Did you heare my Lord?

Fa. I ha done.

Wif. And it concernes me to beginne,
I have not made this pause through servile feare
Or guiltie apprehension of your rage,
But with just wonder of the heates, and wildnesse
Has prepossest your nature gainst our innocence,
You are my Queene, unto that title bowes
The humblest knee in *France*, my heart made lower
With my obedience, and prostrate duty, 120
Nor have I powers created for my use,
When just commands of you expect their service;
But were you Queene of all the world, or something
To be thought greater, betwixt heaven and us
That I could reach you with my eyes and voyce,
I would shoote both up in defence of my

¹ *His.*

Abused honour, and stand all your lightning.

Qu. So brave.

Wif. So just and boldly innocent,
I cannot feare arm'd with a noble conscience
The tempest of your frowne, were it more frightful 130
Then every fury made a womans anger,
Prepar'd to kill with deaths most horrid ceremony,
Yet with what freedome of my soule I can
Forgive your accusation of my pride.

Qu. Forgive? what insolence is like this language!
Can any action of ours be capable
Of thy forgiveness? dust! how I dispise thee?
Can we sinne to be object of thy mercie?

Wif. Yes, and have dont already, and no staine,
To your greatnesse Madam, tis my charity 140
I can remit, when soveraigne Princes dare
Doe injury to those that live beneath them,
They turne worth pittie, and their prayrs, and tis
In the free power of those whom they oppresse
To pardon e'm, each soule has a prerogative,
And priviledge royall that was sign'd by heaven,
But though ith knowledge of my disposition
Stranger to pride, and what you charge me with,
I can forgive the injustice done to me,
And striking at my person, I have no 150
Commission from my Lord to cleere you for
The wrongs you have done him; and still¹ he pardon
The wounding of his loyaltie, with which life
Can hold no ballance, I must talke just boldnesse
To say—

Fa. No more, now I must tell you daughter
Least you forget your selfe, she is the Queene,
And it becomes not you to vie with her
Passion for passion, if your Lord stand fast
To the full search of Law, Heaven will revenge him,
And give him up precious to good mens loves 160

¹ Shepherd reads *till*.

If you attempt by these unruly wayes
To vindicate his justice, Ime against you,
Deere as I wish your husbands life and fame,
Suffer¹ are bound to suffer, not contest
With Princes, since their Will and Acts must be
Accounted one day to a Judge supreme.

Wif. I ha done, if the devotion to my Lord,
Or pietie to his innocence have led me
Beyond the awfull limits to be observ'd
By one so much beneath your sacred person, 170
I thus low crave your royall pardon Madam;
I know you will remember in your goodnesse,
My life blood is concern'd while his least veine
Shall runne blacke and polluted, my heart fed
With what keepes him alive, nor can there be
A greater wound than that which strikes the life
Of our good name, so much above the bleeding
Of this rude pile wee carry, as the soule
Hath excellence above this earth-borne frailty:
My Lord, by the Kings will is lead already 180
To a severe arraignment, and to Iudges,
Will make no tender search into his tract
Of life and state, stay but a little while,
And *France* shall eccho to his shame or innocence,
This suit I begge with teares, I shall have sorrow
Enough to heare him censur'd foule and monstrous,
Should you forbear to antidate my sufferings.

Qu. Your conscience comes about, and you incline
To feare he may be worth the lawes condemning.

Wif. I sooner will suspect the starres may lose 190
Their way, and cristall heaven returne to Chaos;
Truth sits not on her square more firme than he;
Yet let me tell you Madam, were his life
And action so foule as you have character'd,
And the bad world expects, though as a wife
Twere duty I should weepe my selfe to death,

¹ Dyce and Shepherd read *Subjects*.

To know him false from vertue, yet so much
 I a fraile woman love my King and Country,
 I should condemne him too, and thinke all honours
 The price of his lost faith more fatall to me, 200
 Than *Cleopatra's* aspes warme in my bosome,
 And as much boast their killing.

Qu. This declares
 Another soule than was deliver'd me,
 My anger melts, and I beginne to pittie her,
 How much a Princes eare may be abus'd?
 Enjoy your happie confidence, at more leasure
 You may heare from us.

Wif. Heaven preserve the Queene,
 And may her heart be charitable.

Fa. You blesse and honour your unworthy servant.

Qu. My Lord, did you observe this?

Con. Yes great Madam, 210
 And read a noble spirit, which becomes
 The wife of *Chabot*, their great tie of marriage
 Is not more strong upon em, than their vertues.

Qu. That your opinion? I thought your judgement
 Against the Admirall, doe you thinke him honest?

Con. Religiously, a true, most zealous Patriot,
 And worth all royall favour.

Qu. You amaze me,
 Can you be just your selfe then, and advance
 Your powers against him?

Con. Such a will be farre 220
 From *Montmoranzie*, Pioners of state
 Have left no art to gaine me to their faction,
 And tis my misery to be plac'd in such
 A sphere where I am whirl'd by violence
 Of a fierce raging motion, and not what
 My owne will would encline me, I shall make
 This appeare Madam, if you please to second
 My free speech with the King.

Qu. Good heaven protect all,
 Haste to the King, Iustice her swift wing needs,

Tis high time to be good, when vertue bleedes.

Exeunt.

Enter Officers before the Chancellor, Iudges, the Proctor generall, whispering with the Chancellor, they take their places.

To them

Enter Treasurer and Secretary who take their places prepared on one side of the Court.

To them

The Captaine of the Guard, the Admirall following, who is plac'd at the barre.

Cha. Good Mr. Proctor generall begin. 230

Pro, It is not unknowne to you my very good Lords the

Iudges, and indeed to all the world, for I will make short worke, since your honourable eares neede not to be enlarged,

I speake by a figure with prolixie ennumeration how infinitely

the King hath favoured this ill favoured Traitor; and yet I

may worthily too insist and prove that no grace hath beene so

large and voluminous, as this, that he hath appointed such up-

right Iudges at this time, and the chiefe of this Triumvirie, our Chancellor by name *Poyet*, which deriveth from the Greeke his Etymology from *Poyeni*, which is to make, to

create, to invent matter that was never extant in nature, from

whence also is the name and dignitie of *Poeta*, which I will

not insist upon, in this place, although I am confident his Lordshippe wanteth no facultie in making of Verses: but

what addition I say is it to the honour of this Delinquent,
that

he hath such a Iudge, a man so learned, so full of equity, so
noble, so notable in the progresse of his life, so innocent, in
the manage of his office so incorrupt, in the passages of
State

so wise, in affection to his country so religious, in all his
services to the King, so fortunate, and exploring, as
envie it- 250

selfe cannot accuse, or malice vitiate, whom all lippes will
open to commend, but those of *Philip*; and in their
hearts will

erect Altars, and Statues, Columnes, and Obelishes,
Pillars

and Pyramids, to the perpetuitie of his name and memory.
What shall I say? but conclude for his so great and
sacred ser-

vice, both to our King and Kingdome, and for their everla-
sting benefit, there may everlastingly be left here one
of his

loynes, one of his loynes ever remaine I say, and stay
upon this

Bench, to be the example of all Iustice, even while the
North

and South Starre shall continue. 260

Cha. You expresse your Oratory Mr. Proctor,
I pray come presently to the matter.

Pro. Thus with your Lordships pardon, I proceede, and
the first thing I shall glance at, will be worth your Lord-
ships

reflection, his ingratitude, and to whom? to no lesse
person

than a King, and to what King, his owne, and our gen-
erall So-

veraigne *Proh deum atque hominum fidem*; a King, and
such a

King, the health, life, and soule of us all, whose very
mention

drawes this salt water from my eyes; for hee indeede is our
 eye, who wakes and watches for us when we sleepe,
 and 270
 who will not sleepe for him, I meane not sleepe, which the
 Philosophers call, a naturall cessation of the common
 and consequently of all the exterior sences, caused first
 and immediatly by a detension of spirits, which can have
 no communication, since the way is obstructed, by which
 these spirits should commearce, by vapours ascending
 from
 the stomacke to the head, by which evaporation the
 rootes of
 the nerves are filled, through which the annuall¹ spirits,
 to be
 powred into the dwellings of the externall sences; but
 sleepe
 I take for death, which all know to be *Vltima linea*,
 who will 280
 not sleepe eternally for such a King as wee enjoy? If
 there-
 fore in generall as hee is King of us all, all sharing and
 divi-
 ding the benefits of this our Sovereaigne, none should be
 so in-
 gratefull as once to murmure against him, what shall be
 said of
 the ingratitude more monstrous in this *Chabot*, for our
Francis
 hath loved, not in generall & in the croud with other
 subjects,
 but particularly this *Philip* advanc'd him to the supreme
 dig-
 nitie of a Statsman, lodg'd him in his very heart, yet
Monstrum
horrendum; even to this *Francis* hath *Philip* beene
 ingratefull.

¹ *Animal* in Dyce and Shepherd.

Brutus the loved sonne hath stabbed *Caesar* with a
Bodkin: 290

Oh what brute may be compared to him? and in what
parti-

culars may this crime be exemplified; hee hath as wee say,
chopt Logicke with the King, nay to the very teeth of his
Soveraigne advance his owne Gnat-like merits, and
justified

with *Luciferous* pride, that his services have deserved
more

than all the bounty of our Munificent King hath paid him.
Cha. Observe that my Lords.

Pro. Nay he hath gone further, and most traiterously
hath

committed outrage and impiety to the Kings owne
hand, and

royall character, which presented to him in a bill from
the 300

whole counsell, hee most violently did teare in peeces, and
will doe the very body and person of our King, if your
Justice

make no timely prevention, and strike out the Ser-
pentine

teeth of this high, and more than horrible monster.

Tr. This was enforced home.

Pro. In the next place I will relate to your honours his
most cruell exactions upon the subject, the old vant
curriers of

rebellions. In the yeare 1536. and 37. This oppres-
sour, and

this extortioner, under pretext of his due taxation,
being Ad-

mirall impos'd upon certaine Fishermen, (observe I
beseech 310

you the circumstance of their persons, Fishermen) who
◆poore

Iohns were imbarqued upon the cost of *Normandy*,
and fishing

there for Herrings (which some say is the king of Fishes)
 he
 impos'd I say twenty *souse*, and upon every boate sixe
liuers,
 oh intollerable exaction! enough not onely to alienate
 the
 hearts of these miserable people from their King, which
Ipse
facto is high treason, but occasion of a greater inconveni-
 ence, for want of due provision of fish among the sub-
 jects, for
 by this might ensue a necessitie of mortall sins, by break-
 ing the
 religious fast upon Vigils, Embers, and other dayes
 comman-
 ded by sacred authority, besides the miserable rut, that
 would
 follow, and perhaps contagion, when feasting and flesh
 should
 be licenced for every carnall appetite.—I could urge ma-
 ny more particulars of his dangerous insatiate and
 boundlesse
 Avarice, but the improvement of his estate in so few
 yeares,
 from a private Gentlemans fortune, to a great Dukes
 reve-
 newes, might save our soveraigne therein an Orator to en-
 force and prove faulty even to gyantisme against heaven.

Iudg. This is but a noise of words.

Pro. To the foule outrages so violent, let us adde his
 Com-
 missions granted out of his owne presum'd authoritie, his
 Majestie neither infround or respected his disloyalties;
 infide-
 lities, contempts, oppressions, extortions, with innumer-
 able
 abuses, offences, and forfeits, both to his Majesties most
 royall

person, crowne, and dignitie, yet notwithstanding all
 these
 injustices, this unmatched, unjust delinquent affecteth
 to be
 thought inculpable, and incomparable just; but alas my
 most
 learned Lord, none knowes better than your selves, how
 easie
 the sinceritie of Iustice is pretended, how hard it is to
 be per-
 formed, and how common it is for him that hath lost
 colour
 of title to it, to be thought the very substance and soule
 of it,
 he that was never true scholler in the least degree, longs
 as a
 woman with child to be great with scholler, she that
 was ne-
 ver with child longs *Omnibus vijs & modis* to be got with
 child, and will weare a cushion to seeme with child,
 and hee
 that was never just, will fly in the Kings face to be
 counted
 just, though for all he be nothing, but just, a Traytor.

Sec. The Admirall smiles.

Jud. Answer your selfe my Lord.

Adm. I shall, and briefly,

The furious eloquence of my accuser hath
 Branch'd my offences hainous to the King,
 And then his subject, a most vast indictment,
 That to the King I have justified my merit,
 And services; which conscience of that truth,
 That gave my actions life when they are questioned,
 I ought to urge agen, and doe without
 The least part of injustice; for the Bill
 A foule, and most unjust one, and prefer'd
 Gainst the Kings honour, and his subjects priviledge,
 And with a policie to betray my office,

350

360

And faith to both, I doe confesse I tore it,
 It being prest immodestly, but without
 A thought of disobedience to his name,
 To whose mention I bow, with humble reverence,
 And dare appeale to the Kings knowledge of me,
 How farre I am in soule from such a rebell,
 For the rest my Lord, and you my honour'd Iudges,
 Since all this mountaine all this time in labour
 With more than mortall fury gainst my life,
 Hath brought forth nought but some ridiculous ver-
 mine, 370

I will not wrong my right, and innocence,
 With any serious plea in my reply,
 To frustrate breath, and fight with terrible shaddow
 That have beene forg'd, and forc'd against my state,
 But leave all, with my life to your free censures;
 Onely beseeching all your learned judgements
 Equall and pious conscience to weigh.

Pro. And how this great and mighty fortune hath
 exalted
 him to pride is apparant, not onely in his braves and
 bearings
 to the King, the fountaine of all this increase, but in his
 con- 380
 tempt and scorne of the subject his vast expences in build-
 ings, his private bounties, above royall to souldiers and
 schollers, that he may be the Generall and Patron, and
 prote-
 ctor of armes and arts; the number of domesticke at-
 tendants,
 an army of Grashoppers and gay Butterflies able to
 devoure
 the Spring; his glorious wardrobes, his stable of horses
 that
 are prick'd with provender, and will enforce us to weede up
 our Vineyards to sow Oates for supply of their provision,
 his
 caroches shining with gold, and more bright than the

chariot
 of the Sunne, wearing out the pavements; nay, he is
 of late so 390
 transcendently proud, that men must be his Mules,
 and carry
 him up and downe as it were in a Procession for men to
 gaze
 at him till their chines crackes with the weight of his
 insup-
 portable pride, and who knowes but this may prove a
 fashion?
 But who grones for this? The subject, who murmure,
 and are
 ready to beginne a rebellion, but the tumultuous say-
 lers, and
 water-rats, who runne up and downe the citie, like an
 over-
 bearing tempest, cursing the Admirall, who in duty
 ought to
 undoe himself for the generall satisfaction of his country-
 men.

Adm. The varietie, and wonder now presented 400
 To your most noble notice, and the worlds,
 That all my life and actions, and offices,
 Explor'd with all the hundred eyes of Law
 Lighted with lightning, shot out of the wrath
 Of an incenst, and commanding King,
 And blowne with foes, with farre more bitter windes,
 Then Winter from his Easterne cave exhales,
 Yet nothing found but what you all have heard,
 And then consider if a peere of State,
 Should be expos'd to such a wild arraignment 410
 For poore complaints, his fame, faith, life, and honours
 Rackt for no more.

Cha. No more? good heaven, what say
 My learned assistants.

Iu. My Lord, the crimes urg'd here for us to censure
 As capitall, and worth this high arraignment

To me seeme strange, because they doe not fall
In force of Law, to arraigne a Peere of State,
For all that Law can take into her power
To sentence, is the exaction of the Fishermen.

2 *Iu.* Here is no majesty violated, I consent to what
my 420

Brother has exprest.

Cha. Breake then in wonder,
My frighted words out of their forming powers,
That you no more collect, from all these forfeits
That Mr. Proctor generall hath opened,
With so apparant, and impulsive learning,
Against the rage and madnesse of the offender,
And violate Majestie (my learned assistants)
When Majesties affronted and defied,
It being compar'd with? and in such an onset
As leap'd into his throate? his life affrighting? 430
Be justified in all insolence, all subjects
If this be so considered, and insult
Vpon your priviledg'd malice, is not Majestie
Poyson'd in this wonder! and no felony set
Where royaltie is rob'd, and¹
Fie how it fights with Law, and grates upon
Her braine and soule, and all the powers of Reason,
Reporter of the processe, shew the seditious.

No. Here my good Lord.

1. No altering it in us.

2. Farre be it from us Sir.

Cha. Heres silken Iustice, 440

It might be altered, mend your sentences.

Both. Not wee my Lord.

Cha. Not you? The King shall know
You slight a duty to his will, and safety,
Give me your pen, it must be capitall.

1. Make what you please my Lord, our doome shall
stand.

¹ Dyce inserts *violate*.

Cha. Thus I subscribe, now at your perills follow.

Both. Perills my Lord? threatens in the Kings free justice?

Tre. I am amaz'd they can be so remisse.

Sec. Mercifull men, pitifull Iudges certaine.

1. Subscribe, it matters nothing being constrain'd. 450
On this side [V], and on this side, this capitall I
Both which: together put, import plaine *Vi*;
And witnesse we are forc'd.

2. Enough,

It will acquit us when we make it knowne,
Our names are forc'd.

Cha. If traiterous pride

Vpon the royall person of a King
Were sentenc'd unfelloniously before,
Ile burne my Bookes and be a Iudge no more.

Both. Here are our hands subscrib'd.

Cha. Why so, it joyes me,

You have reform'd your justice and your judgement, 460
Now have you done like Iudges and learned Lawyers,
The King shall thanke, and honour you for this,
Notary read.

No. We by his sacred Majestie appointed
Judges, upon due triall, and examination
Of *Philip Chabot* Admirall of *France*
Declare him guiltie of high treasons, &c.

Cha. Now Captaine of the gaurd, secure his person,
Till the King signifie
His pleasure for his death, this day is happy 470
To *France*, thus reskued from the vile devourer.

A shoute within.

Harke how the votes applaud their blest deliverance,
You that so late did right and conscience boast,
Heavens mercy now implore, the Kings is lost. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter King, Queene, and Constable.

Kin. You raise my thoughts to wonder, that you
Madam,
And you my Lord, unite your force to plead
Ith' Admiralls behalfe, this is not that
Language you did expresse, when the torne Bill
Was late pretended to us, it was then
Defiance to our high prerogative,
The act of him whose proud heart would rebell
And arm'd with faction, too soone attempt
To teare my crowne off.

Qu. I was ignorant
Then of his worth, and heard but the report
Of his accusers, and his enemies,
Who never mention in his character
Shadowes of any vertue in those men,
They would depresse like Crowes, and carrion birds,
They flie ore flowrie Meades, cleare Springs, faire Gardens,
And stoope at carcasses; for your owne honour
Pitty poore *Chabot*.

King. Poore and a Colossus?
What could so lately straddle ore a Province,
Can he be fallen so low, and miserable,
To want my pittie, who breakes forth like day,
Takes up all peoples eyes, and admiration?
It cannot be, he hath a princely wife too.

Qu. I interpose not often Sir, or presse you
With unbecomming importunitie,
To serve the profitable ends of others
Conscience, and duty to your self inforce
My present mediation, you have given

The health of your owne state away, unlesse
Wisedome in time recover him.

King. If he proove
No adulterate gold, triall confirmes his value. 30

Qu. Although it hold in mettle gracious Sir,
Such fiery examination, and the furnace
May wast a heart thats faithfull, and together
With that you call the *feces*, something of
The precious substance may be hazarded.

King. Why, you are the chiefe engine rais'd against
him,

And in the worlds Creede labour most to sinke him,
That in his fall, and absence every beame
May shine on you, and onely guild your fortune,
Your difference is the ground of his arraignment, 40
Nor were we unsolicited by you,
To have your bill confirm'd, from that that spring
Came all these mighty and impetuous waves,
With which he now must wrastle, if the strength
Of his owne innocence can breake the storme,
Truth wonot lose her servant, her wings cover him,
He must obey his fate.

Con. I would not have
It lie upon my fame, that I should be
Mentioned in Story his unjust supplanter
For your whole Kingdome, I have beene abused 50
And made beleewe my suite was just and necessary,
My walkes have not beene safe, my closet prayers,
But some plot has pursued me, by some great ones
Against your noble Admirall, they have frighted
My fancy into my dreames with their close whispers,
How to uncement your affections,
And render him the fable, and the scorne
Of *France*.

Qu. Brave *Montmorancie*.

King. Are you serious.

Con. Have I a soule? or gratitude, to acknowledge
My selfe your creature, dignified and honor'd 60

By your high favours with an equall truth,
I must declare the justice of your Admirall
(In what my thoughts are conscious) and will rather
Give up my claime to birth, title, and offices,
Be throwne from your warme smile, the top and crowne
Of subjects happinesse, then be brib'd with all
Their glories to the guilt of *Chabots* ruine.

King. Come, come, you over act this passion,
And if it be not pollicie it tastes
Too greene, and wants some counsell to mature it, 70
His fall prepares your triumph.

Con. It confirmes
My shame alive, and buried will corrupt
My very dust, make our house-genious grone,
And fright the honest marble from my ashes:
His fall prepare my triumph? turne me first
A naked exile to the world.

King. No more,
Take heede you banish not your selfe, be wise,
And let not too much zeale devoure your reason.

Enter Asall.

As. Your Admirall
Is condemn'd Sir?

King. Ha? strange! no matter, 80
Leave us, a great man I see may be
As soone dispatch'd, as a common subject.

Qu. No mercy then for *Chabot*.

Enter Wife and Father.

Wif. From whence came
That sound of *Chabot*? then we are all undone:
Oh doe not heare the Queene, she is no friend
To my poore Lord, but made against his life,
Which hath too many enemies already.

Con. Poore soule, shee thinkes the Queene is still
against him,
Who employeth all her powers to preserve him.

Fa. Say you so my Lord? daughter the Queen's our friend. 90

Wif. Why doe you mocke my sorrow! can you flatter
Your owne grieve so, be just, and heare me sir,
And doe not sacrifice a subjects blood
To appease a wrathfull Queene, let mercy shine
Vpon your brow, and heaven will pay it backe
Vpon your soule, be deafe to all her prayers.

King. Poore heart, she knowes not what she has
desir'd.

Wif. I begge my *Chabots* life, my sorrowes yet
Have not destroid my reason.

King. He is in the power of my Lawes, not mine. 100

Wif. Then you have no power,
And are but the emptie shadow of a King,
To whom is it resign'd? where shall I begge
The forfeit life of one condemn'd by Lawes
To partiall doome?

King. You heare he is condemn'd then?

Fa. My sonne is condemn'd sir.

King. You know for what too.

Fa. What the Iudges please to call it,
But they have given't a name, Treason they say.

Qu. I must not be denied.

King. I must deny you. 110

Wif. Be blest for ever fort.

Qu. Grant then to her.

King. *Chabot* condemn'd by law?

Fa. But you have power
To change the rigor, in your breast there is
A Chancellor above it, I nere had
A suite before, but my knees joyne with hers
To implore your royall mercy to her Lord,
And take his cause to your examination,
It cannot wrong your Iudges, if they have
Beene steer'd by conscience.

Con. It will fame your Iustice.

King. I cannot be prescrib'd, you kneele in vaine, 120

You labour to betray me with your teares
To a treason above his, gainst my owne Lawes,
Looke to the Lady— *Exeunt.*

Enter Asall.

As. Sir the Chancellor.

King. Admit him, leave us all.

Enter Chancellor.

How now my Lord?

You have lost no time, and how thrive the proceedings.

Cha. Twas fit my gracious Sovereigne, time should
leave

His motion made in all affaires beside,

And spend his wings onely in speed of this.

King. You have shew'd diligence, and whats become
Of our most curious Iusticer, the Admirall? 130

Cha. Condemn'd sir utterly, and all hands set
To his conviction.

King. And for faults most foule?

Cha. More than most impious, but the applausive issue
Strooke by the concourse of your ravish'd subjects
For joy of your free Iustice, if there were
No other cause to assure the sentence just
Were prooffe convincing.

King. Now then he sees cleerely
That men perceive how vaine his Iustice was,
And scorne him for the foolish net he wore
To hide his nakednesse; ist not a wonder 140
That mens ambitions should so blinde their reason
To affect shapes of honesty, and take pride
Rather in seeming, then in being just.

Cha. Seeming has better fortune to attend it
Then being sound at heart, and vertuous.

King. Professe all? nothing doe, like those that live
By looking to the Lamps of holy Temples,
Who still are busie taking off their snuffes,
But for their profit sake will adde no oyle;

So these will checke and sentence every fame, 150
 The blaze of riotous blood doth cast in others,
 And in themselves leave the fume most offensive,
 But he to doe this? more deceives my judgement
 Than all the rest whose nature I have sounded.

Cha. I know Sir, and have prov'd it.

King. Well my Lord

To omit circumstance, I highly thanke you
 For this late service you have done me here,
 Which is so great and meritorious
 That with my ablest power I scarce can quit you.

Cha. Your sole acceptance (my dread soveraigne) 160
 I more rejoyce in, than in all the fortunes
 That ever chanc'd me, but when may it please
 Your Highnesse to order the execution?
 The haste thus farre hath spar'd no pinions.

King. No my Lord, your care
 Hath therein much deserv'd.

Cha. But where proportion
 Is kept to th' end in things, at start so happy
 That end set on the crowne.

King. Ile speede it therefore.

Cha. Your thoughts direct it, they are wing'd. *Exit.*

King. I joy this boldnesse is condemn'd, that I may
 pardon, 170

And therein get some ground in his opinion
 By so much bounty as saves his life,
 And me thinks that weigh'd more, should sway the bal-
 lance

Twixt me and him, held by his owne free Iustice,
 For I could never finde him obstinate
 In any minde he held, when once he saw
 Th' error with which he laboured, and since now
 He needs must feele it, I admit no doubt,
 But that his alteration will beget
 Another sence of things twixt him and me;
 Whose there? 180

Enter Asall.

Goe to the Captaine of my guard, and will him
To attend his condemn'd prisoner to me instantly.

As. I shall sir.

Enter Treasurer & Secretary.

King. My Lords, you were spectators of our Admirall.

Tre. And hearers too of his most just conviction,
In which we witnest over-weight enough
In your great bounties, and as they there were weigh'd
With all the feathers of his boasted merits.

King. Has felt a scorching triall, and the test
(That holds fires utmost force) we must give mettalls 190
That will not with the hammer, and the melting
Confesse their truth, and this same sence of feeling
(Being ground to all the sences) hath one key
More than the rest to let in through them all
The mindes true apprehension, that thence takes
Her first convey'd intelligence. I long
To see this man of confidence agen:
How thinke you Lords, will *Chabot* looke on mee,
Now spoild of the integrity, he boasted?

Sec. It were too much honour to vouchsafe your
sight. 200

Tr. No doubt my Leigh,¹ but he that hath offended
In such a height against your crowne and person,
Will want no impudence to looke upon you.

Enter Asall, Captaine, Admirall.

Cap. Sir, I had charge given me by this Gentleman
To bring your condemn'd prisoner to your presence.

King. You have done well, and tell the Queene, and our
Lord Constable we desire their presence, bid
Our Admiralls Lady, and her father too
Attend us here, they are but new withdrawne.

As. I shall sir!

¹ *Liege* in Dyce and Shepherd

Tr. Doe you observe this confidence? 210
 He stands as all his triall were a dreame.

Sec. Hele finde the horroure waking, the King's
 troubled;
 Now for a thunder-clap: the Queene and Constable.

Enter Queene, Constable, Wife and Father.

Tr. I doe not like their mixture.
King, My Lord Admirall,
 You made it your desire to have this triall
 That late hath past upon you;
 And now you feele how vaine is too much faith
 And flattery of your selfe, as if your brest
 Were prooffe gainst all invasion, tis so slight
 You see it lets in death, whats past, hath beene 220
 To satisfie your insolence, there remains
 That now we serve our owne free pleasure, therefore
 By that most absolute power, with which all right
 Puts in my hands, these issues turnes, and changes,
 I here in eare of all these, pardon all
 Your faults and forfeits, whatsoever sensur'd,
 Againe advancing, and establishing
 Your person in all fulnesse of that state
 That ever you enjoy'd before th' attainder.

Tr. Wonderfull, pardon'd!

Wif. Heaven preserve the King. 230

Qu. Who for this will deserve all time to honour him.

Con. And live Kings best example.

Fa. Sonne yare pardon'd,
 Be sure you looke hereafter well about you.

Adm. Vouchsafe great Sir to assure me what you said,
 You nam'd my pardon.

King. And agen declare it,
 For all crimes past, of what nature soever.

Adm. You cannot pardon me Sir.

King. How's that *Philip*?

Adm. It is a word carries too much relation
 To an offence, of which I am not guilty,

And I must still be bold where truth still armes, 240
In spite of all those frownes that would deject me
To say I neede no pardon.

King. Ha, howes this?

Fa. Hees mad with over-joy, and answers nonsense.

King. Why, tell me *Chabot*, are not you condemn'd?

Adm. Yes, and that justifies me much the more,
For whatsoever false report hath brought you,
I was condemn'd for nothing that could reach
To prejudice my life, my goods or honour,
As first in firmenesse of my conscience,
I confidently told you, not alas 250
Presuming on your slender thred of favour,
Or pride of fortunate and courtly boldnesse,
But what my faith and justice bade me trust too,
For none of all your learned assistant Judges,
With all the malice of my crimes could urge,
Or felony or hurt of sacred power.

King. Doe any heare this, but my selfe? My Lords,
This man still justifies his innocence.

What prodigies are these? have not our Lawes
Past on his actions, have not equall Iudges 260
Certified his arraignment, and him guilty
Of capitall Treason? and yet doe I heare
Chabot accuse all these, and quit himselfe.

Tr. It does appeare distraction sir.

King. Did we
Seeme so indulgent to propose our free
And royall pardon without suite or prayer,
To meete with his contempt?

Sec. Vnhear'd of impudence!

Ad. I were malicious to my selfe, and desperate
To force untruths upon my soule, and when
Tis cleare, to confesse a shame to exercise 270
Your pardon sir, were I so foule and monstrous
As I am given to you, you would commit
A sinne next mine, by wronging your owne mercy
To let me draw out impious breath, it will

Release your wonder, if you give command
 To see your processe, and if it prove other
 Than I presume to informe, teare me in peeces.
King. Goe for the Processe, and the Chancellor,
 With the assistant Iudges. I thanke heaven *Exit As.*
 That with all these inforcements of distraction 280
 My reason stayes so cleare to heare, and answer,
 And to direct a message. This inversion
 Of all the loyalties, and true deserts
 That I beleev'd I govern'd with, till now
 In my choice Lawyers, and chiefe Counsellors
 Is able to shake all my frame of reason.

Adm. I am much griv'd.

King. No more, I doe incline
 To thinke I am abus'd, my Lawes betrai'd
 And wrested to the purpose of my Judges,
 This confidence in *Chabot* turnes my judgement, 290
 This was too wilde a way to make his merits
 Stoope and acknowledge my superior bounties,
 That it doth raise, and fixe e'm past my art,
 To shadow all the shame and forfeits mine.

Enter Asall, Chancellor, Iudges.

As. The Chancellor and Judges Sir.

Tre. I like not

This passion in the King, the Queene and Constable
 Are of that side.

King. My Lord, you dare appeare then?

Cha. Dare Sir, I hope.

King. Well done, hope still, and tell me,
 Is not this man condemn'd?

Cha. Strange question Sir,
 The processe will declare it, sign'd with all 300
 These my assistant brothers reverend hands
 To his conviction in a publike triall.

King. You saide for foule and monstrous facts prov'd
 by him.

Cha. The very words are there sir.

King. But the deedes
 I looke for sir, name me but one thats monstrous?
Cha. His foule comparisons, and affronts of you,
 To me seem'd monstrous.
King. I told you them sir,
 Nor were they any that your so vast knowledge,
 Being a man studied in him, could produce
 And prove as cleare as heaven, you warranted 310
 To make appeare such treasons in the Admirall,
 As never all Lawes, Volumes yet had sentenc'd,
 And *France* should looke on, having scap'd with wonder
 What in this nature hath beene cleerely prov'd
 In his arraignment.
 1. Nothing that we heard
 In slendrest touch urg'd by your Advocate.
King. Dare you affirme this too?
 2. Most confidently.
King. No base corruptions charg'd upon him.
 1. None sir.
Tr. This argues *Chabot* has corrupted him.
Sec. I doe not like this.
 1. The summe of all 320
 Was urg'd to prove your Admirall corrupt,
 Was an exaction of his officers,
 Of twenty *souse* taken from the Fishermen
 For every boate, and that fish'd the *Normand* coast.
King. And this was all
 The mountaines, and the marvells promist me,
 To be in cleere prooffe made against the life
 Of our so hated Admirall.
Iud. All sir,
 Vpon our lives and consciences.
Cha. I am blasted.
King. How durst you then subscribe to his conviction. 330
 1. For threats by my Lord Chancellor on the Bench,
 Affirming that your Majestie would have it
 Made capitall treason, or account us traitors.

2. Yet sir, we did put to our names with this
 Interposition of a note in secret
 In these two letters *V*, and *I*, to shew
 Wee were enforc'd to what we did, which then
 In Law is nothing.

Fa. How doe you feele your Lordship,
 Did you not finde some stuffing in your head,
 Your braine should have been purg'd.

Cha. I fall to peeces, 340
 Would they had rotted on the Bench.

King. And so you sav'd the peace of that high Court.
 Which otherwise his impious rage had broken,
 But thus am I by his malicious arts
 A parly¹ rendred, and most tyrannous spurre
 To all the open course of his base envies,
 A forcer of my Iudges, and a thirst
 Of my nobilities blood, and all by one,
 I trusted to make cleere my love of Iustice.

Cha. I beseech your Majestie, let all my zeale 350
 To serve your vertues, with a sacred value
 Made of your royall state, to which each least
 But shade of violence in any subject
 Doth provoke certaine death.

King. Death on thy name
 And memory forever, one command
 Our Advocate attend us presently.

As. He waites here.

King. But single death shall not excuse, thy skinne
 Torne ore thine eares, and what else can be inflicted
 If thy life with the same severity 360
 Dissected cannot stand so many fires.

Sec. Tre. Be mercifull great Sir.

King. Yet more amaze?
 Is there a knee in all the world beside
 That any humane conscience can let bow
 For him, yare traitors all that pittie him.

¹ *Party* in Dyce and Shepherd.

Tr. This is no time to move.

King. Yet twas my fault

To trust this wretch, whom I knew fierce and proud
 With formes of tongue and learning, what a prisoner
 Is pride of the whole flood of man? for as
 A humane seede is said to be a mixture 370
 And faire contemperature extracted from
 All out best faculties, so the seede of all
 Mans sensuall frailty, may be said to abide,
 And have their confluence in onely pride,
 It stupifies mans reason so, and dulls
 True sence of anything, but what may fall
 In his owne glory, quenches all the spirits
 That light a man to honour and true goodnesse.

As. Your Advocate. *Enter Advocate.*

King. Come hither.

Adv. My most gracious Sovereaigne. 380

Adm. Madam you infinitely oblige our duty.

Qu. I was too long ignorant of your worth my Lord,
 And this sweete Ladies vertue.

Wif. Both your servants.

Adm. I never had a feare of the Kings Iustice,
 And yet I know not what creepes ore my heart,
 And leaves an ice beneath it, my Lord Chancellor,
 You have my forgivenessse, but implore heavens pardon
 For wrongs to equall justice, you shall want
 No charitie of mine to mediate
 To the King for you.

Cha. Horroure of my soule 390
 Confounds my gratitude.

Con. To me now most welcome.

Adv. It was my allegiance sir, I did enforce,
 But by directions of your Chancellor,
 It was my office to advance your cause
 Gainst all the world, which when I leave to execute,
 Flea me, and turne me out a most raw Advocate.

King. You see my Chancellor.

Adv. He has an ill looke with him.

King. It shall be your province now, on our behalfe
 To urge what can in justice be against him,
 His riot on our Lawes, and corrupt actions 400
 Will give you scope and field enough.

Adv. And I
 Wil play my law prize, never feare it sir,
 He shall be guilty of what you please, I am studied
 In him sir, I will squeeze his villanies,
 And urge his acts so whom into his bowells,
 The force of it shall make him hang himselfe,
 And save the Lawes a labour.

King. Iudges, for all
 The poisonous outrage, that this viper spilt
 On all my royall freedome and my Empire,
 As making all but servants to his malice, 410
 I will have you revise the late arraignment,
 And for those worthy reasons, that already
 Affect you for my Admiralls acquittall
 Employ your justice on this Chancellor, away with him,
 Arrest him Captaine of my guard to answer
 All that due course of Law against him can
 Charge both his Acts and life.

Cap. I doe arrest thee
Poyet Lord Chancellor in his Highnesse name,
 To answer all that equall course of Law
 Can charge thy acts and life with.

Cha. I Obey. 420
King. How false a heart corruption has, how base
 Without true worth are all these earth-bred glories?
 Oh blessed justice, by which all things stand,
 That stills the thunder, and makes lightning sinke
 Twixt earth and heaven amaz'd, and cannot strike,
 Being prov'd so now in wonder of this man,
 The object of mens hate, and heavens bright love;
 And as in cloudy dayes, we see the Sunne
 Glide over turrets, temples, richest fields,
 All those left darke, and slighted in his way, 430
 And on the wretched plight of some poore shed,

Powres all the glories of his golden head;
So heavenly vertue, on this envied Lord,
Points all his graces, that I may distinguish
Him better from the world.

Tre. You doe him right.

King. But away Iudges, and pursue the arraignment
Of this polluted Chancellor with that swiftnesse,
His fury wing'd against my Admirall,
And be you all, that sate on him compurgators
Of me against this false Iudge.

Iud. We are so.

440

King. Be you two joyn'd in the commission,
And nothing urg'd but justly, of me learning
This one more lesson out of the events
Of these affaires now past, that whatsoever
Charge or Commission Iudges have from us,
They ever make their ayme ingenuous Iustice,
Not partiall for reward, or swelling favour,
To which if your King steere you, spare to obey;
For when his troubled blood is cleere, and calme,
He will repent that he pursued his rage,
Before his pious Law, and hold that Iudge
Vnworthy of his place, that lets his censure
Flote in the waves of an imagin'd favour,
This shipwracks in the haven, and but wounds
Their consciences that sooth the soone ebb'd humours
Of their incensed King.

450

Con. Tre. Royall and sacred.

King. Come *Philip*, shine thy honour now forever,
For this short temporall ecclipse it suffer'd
By th' interpos'd desire I had to try thee,
Nor let the thought of what is past afflict thee,
For my unkindnesse, live still circled here,
The bright intelligence of our royall spheere. *Exeunt.*

460

*Actus Quintus.**Enter Queene, Constable, Father.**Qu.* The Admirall sicke?*Fa.* With danger at the heart,
I came to tell the King.*Con.* He never had
More reason in his soule, to entertaine
All the delights of health.*Fa.* I feare my Lord,
Some apprehension of the Kings unkindnesse,
By giving up his person, and his offices
To the Lawes gripe and search, is ground of his
Sad change, the greatest soules are thus oft wounded,
If he vouchsafe his presence, it may quicken
His fast decaying spirits, and prevent 10
The hasty ebbe of life.*Qu.* The King is now
Fraught with the joy of his fresh preservation,
The newes so violent, let into his eare,
May have some dangerous effect in him,
I woud not counsell sir to that.*Fa.* With greater reason
I may suspect they'le spread my Lord, and as
A river left his curl'd and impetuous waves
Over the bankes, by confluence of streames
That fill and swell her channell, for by this time 20
He has the addition of *Allegres* suffering,
His honest servant, whom I met though feeble
And worne with torture, going to congratulate
His Masters safetie.*Qu.* It seemes he much
Affected that *Allegre*.

Con. There will be
But a sad interview and dialogue.

Qu. Does he keepe his bed?

Fa. In that alone

He shewes a fortitude, he will move, and walke
He sayes while his owne strength or others can
Support him, wishing he might stand and looke 30
His destiny in the face at the last summon,
Not sluggishly exhaile his soule in bed,
With indulgence, and nice flattery of his limbs.

Qu. Can he in this shew spirit, and want force
To wrastle with a thought?

Fa. Oh Madam, Madam,
We may have prooffe against the sword, and tyranny
Of boysterous warre that threatens us, but when
Kings froune, a Cannon mounted in each eye,
Shoote death to apprehension, ere their fire
And force approach us.

Enter King.

Con. Here's the King.

Qu. No words
To interrupt his quiet. 40

Fa. Ile begon then.

King. Our Admiralls father! call him backe.

Qu. I wonot stay to heare e'm. *Exit.*

Con. Sir, be prudent,
And doe not for your sonne fright the Kings health. *Exit.*

King. What, ha they left us? how does my Admirall?

Fa. I am forbid to tell you sir.

King. By whom.

Fa. The Queene and my Lord Constable

King. Are there
Remaining seedes of faction? have they soules
Not yet convinc'd ith truth of *Chabots* honour,
Cleare as the christall heaven, and bove the reach 50
Of imitation.

Fa. Tis their care of you,

And no thought prejudiciall to my sonne.

King. Their care of me?

How can the knowledge of my Admiralls state
 Concerne their feares of me, I see their envie
 Of *Chabots* happinesse, whose joy to be
 Rendr'd so pure and genuine to the world
 Doth grate upon their conscience and affright 'em;
 But let 'em vexe, and bid my *Chabot* still
 Exalt his heart, and triumph, he shall have 60
 The accesse of ours, the kingdome shall put on
 Such joyes for him as she would bost to celebrat
 Her owne escape from ruine.

Fa. He is not in state to heare my sad newes
 I perceive.

King. That countenance is not right, it does not answer
 What I expect,
 Say, how is my Admirall?
 The truth upon thy life.

Fa. To secure his, I would you had.

King. Ha? Who durst oppose him? 70

Fa. One that hath power enough hath practised on him
 And made his great heart stoope.

King. I will revenge it
 'With crushing, crushing that rebellious power to nothing,
 Name him.

Fa. He was his friend.

King. A friend to malice, his owne blacke impostume
 Burne his blood up, what mischief hath ingendred
 New stormes?

Fa. Tis the old tempest.

King. Did not we
 Appease all horrors that look'd wilde upon him?

Fa. You drest his wounds I must confesse, but made 80
 No cure, they bleede a fresh, pardon me sir,
 Although your conscience have clos'd too soone,
 He is in danger, and doth want new surgerie

¹ *Crushing, crushing.* The repetition is a printer's error.

Though he be right in fame, and your opinion,
He thinkes you were unkinde.

King. Alas, poore *Chabot*,
Doth that afflict him.

Fa. So much, though he strive
With most resolv'd and Adamantine nerves,
As ever humane fire in flesh and blood,
Forg'd for example, to beare all, so killing
The arrowes that you shot were (still your pardon)
No Centaures blood could rancle so.

King. If this 90
Be all, ile cure him, Kings retaine
More Balsome in their soule then hurt in anger.

Fa. Farre short sir, with one breath they uncreate,
And Kings with onely words more wounds can make
Then all their kingdome made in balme can heale,
Tis dangerous to play to wilde a descant
On numerous vertue, though it become Princes
To assure their adventures made in everything,
Goodnesse confin'd within poore flesh and blood,
Hath but a queazie and still sickly state, 100
A musicall hand should onely play on her
Fluent as ayre, yet every touch command.

King. No more,
Commend us to the Admirall, and say,
The King will visite him, and bring health.

Fa. I will not doubt that blessing, and shall move
Nimbly with this command. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Officers before, Treasurer, Secretary, and Iudges,
attended by Petitioners, the Advocate also with many
papers in his hand, they take their places.
The Chancellor with a guard, and plac'd at the Barre.*

Tre. Did you beleewe the Chancellor had beene
So foule?

Sec. Hee's lost to th' people, what contempts
They throw upon him? but we must be wise.

1 *Iud.* Were there no other guilt, his malice shew'd 110
Vpon the Admirall, in orebearing justice,
Would well deserve a sentence.

Tre. And a deepe one.

2 *Iud.* If please your Lordships to remember that
Was specially commended by the King,
As being most blemish to his royall person,
And the free justice of his state.

Tre. Already

He has confest upon his examinations
Enough for sensure, yet to obey forme—
Mr. Advocate if you please—

Adv. I am ready for your Lordships: It hath beene
said, 120
and will be said agen, and may truely be justified, *Omnia*
ex

lite fieri. It was the position of Philosophers, and now
proved

by a more Philosophycall sect, the Lawyers, that *Omnia ex*
lite fiant, we are all made by Law, made I say, and
worthily

if we be just, if we be unjust, marr'd, though in marring
some,

there is necessitie of making others, for if one fall by the
Law,

tenne to one but another is exalted by the execution of the
Law, since the corruption of one must conclude the
genera-

tion of another, though not alwayes in the same profes-
sion;

the corruption of an Apothecary, may be the generation
of a 130

Doctor of Physicke; the corruption of a Citizen may
beget a

Courtier, & a Courtier may very well beget an Alderman,
the

corruption of an Alderman may be the generation of a
Coun-

try Iustice, whose corrupt ignorance easily may beget
a tumult,
a tumult may beget a Captaine, and the corruption of
a Cap-
taine may beget a Gentleman-Vsher, and a Gentleman-
Vsher
may beget a Lord, whose wit may beget a Poet, and a
poet
may get a thousand pound a yeare, but nothing without cor-
ruption.

Tre. Good Mr. Advocate be pleased to leave all digressi-
ons, and speake of the Chancellor. 140

Adu. Your Lordship doth very seasonably premonish,
and

I shall not neede to leave my subject corruption, while
I dis-

course of him, who is the very fenne and stigan abisse of it,
five thousand and odde hundred foule and impious
corrupti-

ons, for I will be briefe; have been found by severall
exami-

nations, and by oathes prov'd against this odious and
polluted

Chancelor, a man of so tainted, and contagious a life,
that it is

a miracle any man enjoyeth his nostrills, that have
lived with-

in the sent of his offices; he was borne with teeth in his
head,

by an affidavit of his Midwife, to note his devouring,
and 150

hath one toe on his left foote crooked, and in the forme
of an

Eagles talon, to foretell his rapacitie: What shall I say?
branded, mark'd, and design'd in his birth for shame
and oblo-

quie, which appeareth further by a mole under his right

care,
with only three Witches haire int, strange and ominous
pre-
dictions of nature.

Tre. You have acquainted your selfe but very lately
With this intelligence, for as I remember
Your tongue was guilty of no such character,
When hee sat Iudge upon the Admirall, 160
A pious incorrupt man, a faithfull and fortunate
Servant to his King, and one of the greatest
Honours that ever the Admirall received, was
That he had so noble and just a Iudge, this must
Imply a strange volubilitie in your tongue, or
Conscience, I speake not to discountenance any
Evidence for the King, but to put you in minde,
Mr. Advocate that you had then a better opinion
Of my Lord Chancellor.

Adv. Your Lordship hath most aptly interpos'd, and
with a 170
word I shall easily satisfie all your judgements; He was
then
a Iudge, and in *Cathedra*, in which he could not erre; it
may
be your Lordships cases, out of the chaire and seate of
Iustice,
he hath his frailties, is loos'ed and expos'd to the con-
ditions of
other humane natures; so every Iudge, your Lordships
are not
ignorant, hath a kinde of priviledge while he is in his
state,
office and being, and although hee may *quoad se*, internally
and privately be guilty of bribery of Iustice, yet *quoad*
nos, and
in publike he is an upright and innocent Iudge, we are
to take
no notice, nay, we deserved to suffer, if wee should detect
or 180

staine him; for in that we disparage the Office, which
 is the
 Kings, and may be our owne, but once remov'd from his
 place by just dishonour of the King, he is no more a
 Iudge but
 a common person, whom the law takes hold on, and
 wee are
 then to forget what hee hath beene, and without partialitie to
 strip and lay him open to the world, a counterfeit and corrupt
 Iudge, as for example, hee may and ought to flourish
 in
 his greatnesse, and breake any mans necke, with as much
 facie-
 litie as a jeast, but the case being altered, and hee downe,
 eve-
 ry subject shall be heard, a Wolfe may be appareld in a
 Lamb-
 skinne; and if every man should be afraid to speake
 truth, nay
 and more than truth, if the good of the subject which
 are cli-
 ents sometime require it, there would be no remove of Offi-
 cers, if no remove no motions, if no motion in Court no
 heate,
 and by consequence but cold Termes; take away this
 moving,
 this removing of Iudges, the Law may bury it selfe in
 Buck-
 ram, and the kingdome suffer for want of a due execution;
 and now I hope your Lordships are satisfied.

Tre. Most learnedly concluded to acquit your selfe.

Iud. Mr. Advocate, please you to urge for satisfaction

200

Of the world, and clearing the Kings honour, how
 Injustly he proceeded against the Admirall.

Adv. I shall obey your Lordship—So vast, so infinite
 hath beene the impudence of this Chancellor, not

onely
 toward the subject, but even the sacred person of the
 King,
 that I tremble as with a Palsie to remember it. This
 man, or
 rather this monster, having power and commission
 trusted for
 the examination of the Lord Admirall, a man perfect
 in all ho-
 nour and justice; indeede the very ornament and second
 flower of *France*, for the *Flower de lis*, is sacred and above
 all 210
 flowers, and indeede the best flower in our garden.
 Having
 used all wayes to circumvent his innocence by suborning
 and
 promising rewards to all his betrayers, by compelling
 others by
 the cruelty of tortures, as namely Mounsieur *Allegre*
 a most ho-
 nest and faithfull servant to his Lord, tearing and extend-
 ing his
 sinewes upon the racke to force a confession to his purpose,
 and finding nothing prevaile upon the invincible vertue
 of the
 Admirall.

Sec. How he would flatter him?

Adv. Yet most maliciously proceeded to arraigne
 him; to
 be short against all colour of Iustice condemn'd him
 of high 220
 treasons; oh thinke what the life of man is, that can
 never be
 recompenced; but the life of the just man, a man that
 is the vi-
 gour and glory of our life and nation to be torne to
 death, and
 sacrific'd beyond the mallice of common persecution.

What
 Tiger of *Hercanian* breede could have beene so cruell?
 but this
 is not all? he was not guilty onely of murder, guilty I
 may say
In foro conscientiae, though our good Admirall was
 miraculously
 preserv'd, but unto this he added a most prodigious &
 fearefull
 rape, a rape even upon Iustice it selfe; the very soule of
 our state,
 for the rest of the Iudges upon the Bench, venerable
 images of 230
Austria,¹ he most tyranously compell'd to set their hands
 to his
 most unjust sentence; did ever story remember the
 like outrage
 and injustice; what forfeit, what penalty can be enough
 to
 satisfie this transcendent offence? and yet my good
 Lords,
 this is but veniall to the sacrilege which now followes, and
 by him committed, not content with this sentence, not
 satisfied
 with horrid violence upon the sacred Tribunall, but
 hee pro-
 ceedes and blasphemes the very name and honour of
 the King
 himselfe, observe that, making him the author and im-
 pulsive
 cause of all these rapines, justifying that he mov'd onely
 by his 240
 speciall command to the death, nay the murder of his
 most
 faithfull subject, translating all his owne blacke and
 damnable

¹ *Astraea* as in Dyce and Shepherd.

guilt² upon the Kings heires, a^r traytor to his Country,
 first, he
 conspires the death of one whom the King loves, and
 whom e-
 very subject ought to honour, and then makes it no
 conscience
 to proclaime it the Kings act & by consequence declares
 him a
 murderer of his owne, and of his best subjects.

Within. An Advocate, an Advocate, teare him in
 peeces,
 Teare the Chancellor in peeces.

Tre. The people have deepe sence of the Chancellors
 injustice. 250

Sec. We must be carefull to prevent their mutiny.

1 Iud. It will become our wisdomes to secure the court
 And prisoner.

Tre. Captaine of the guard.

2. What can you say for your selfe Lord Chancellor.

Cha. Againe, I confesse all, and humbly fly to
 The royall mercy of the King.

Tre. And this submission is the way to purchase it.

Cha. Heare me great Iudges, if you have not lost
 For my sake all your charities, I beseech you,
 Let the King know my heart is full of penitence, 260
 Calme his high-going sea, or in that tempest
 I ruine to eternitie, oh my Lords,
 Consider your owne places, and the helmes
 You sit at, while with all your providence
 You steere, looke forth and see devouring quicksands,
 My ambition now is punish'd, and my pride
 Of state and greatnesse falling into nothing,
 I that had never time through vast employments
 To thinke of heaven, feele his revengefull wrath,
 Boyling my blood, and scorching up my entrills, 270

² Dyce emends "*upon the King. Here's a traitor to his Country*"

'There doomesday is my conscience blacke and horrid,
 For my abuse of Iustice, but no stings
 Prickt² with that terrour as the wounds I made
 Vpon the pious Admirall, some good man
 Beare my repentance thither, he is mercifull,
 And may encline the King to stay his lightning
 Which threatens my confusion, that my free
 Resigne of title, office, and what else
 My pride look'd at, would buy my poore lives safety,
 For ever banish me the court, and let 280
 Me waste my life farre off in some Village.

Adv. How? Did your Lordships note his request to you,
 he would direct your sentence to punish him with confining
 him to live in the country, like the Mouse in the Fable,
 that

having offended to deserve death, beg'd he might be
 banished
 into a Parmisan. I hope your Lordships will be more
 just to
 the nature of his offences.

Sec. I could have wish'd him fall on softer ground
 For his good parts.

Tre. My Lord, this is your sentence for your high
 misde- 290
 meanours against his Majesties Iudges, for your unjust
 sentence
 of the most equall Lord Admirall, for many and foule
 corrup-
 tions and abuse of your office, and that infinite staine of
 the
 Kings person, and honour, we in his Majesties name,
 deprive
 you of your estate of Chancellor: & declare you un-
 capeable of
 any judicall office, & besides condemne you in the sum
 of two

¹Dyce emends *there's doomesday in my conscience*—

²*Prick.*

hundred thousand crownes; whereof one hundred thousand to
 the King, and one hundred thousand to the Lord Admirall,
 and what remaineth of your estate to goe to the restitution of
 those you have injur'd, and to suffer perpetuall imprisonment
 in the Castle, so take him to your custody. Your Lordships
 have bene mercifull in his sentence. *Exit.*

Cha. They have spar'd my life then, that some cure may bring,

¹I spend it in my prayers for the King. *Exeunt.*

Enter Admirall in his Gowne and Cap, his Wife.

Adm. Allegre I am glad he hath so much strength,
 I prethee let me see him.

Wif. It will but

Enlarge a passion—my Lord hee'le come
 Another time and tender you his service.

Adm. Nay then—

Wif. Although I like it not, I must obey. *Exit.*

Enter Allegre supported.

Adm. Welcome my injur'd servant, what a misery
 Ha they made on thee? 310

Al. Though some change appeare
 Vpon my body, whose severe affliction
 Hath brought it thus to be sustained by others,
 My hurt² is still the same in faith to you,
 Not broken with their rage.

Adm. Alas poore man!
 Were all my joyes essentiall, and so mighty
 As the affected world beleeves I taste,
 This object were enough to unsweeten all,

¹ Dyce reads *I'll*.

² *Heart* in Dyce and Shepherd.

Though in thy absence I had suffering,
 And felt within me a strong sympathy, 320
 While for my sake their cruelty did vex,
 And fright thy nerves with horreur of thy sence,
 Yet in this spectacle I apprehend
 More grieve than all my imagination
 Could let before into me; didst not curse me
 Vpon the torture?

Al. Good my Lord, let not
 The thought of what I suffer'd dwell upon
 Your memory, they could not punish more
 Then what my duty did oblige to beare 330
 For you and Iustice, but theres some thing in
 Your lookes, presents more feare than all the mallice
 Of my tormentors could affect my soule with,
 That palenesse, and the other formes you weare,
 Would well become a guilty Admirall, and one
 Lost to his hopes and honour, not the man
 Vpon whose life the fury of injustice
 Arm'd with fierce lightning, and the power of thunder,
 Can make no breach, I was not rack'd till now,
 Theres more death in that falling eye, than all
 Rage ever yet brought forth, what accident sir can 340
 blast,
 Can be so blacke and fatall to distract
 The calme? the triumph that should sit upon
 Your noble brow, misfortune could have no
 Time to conspire with fate, since you were rescued
 By the great arme of Providence, nor can
 Those garlands that now grow about your forehead
 With all the poyson of the world be blasted.

Adm. Allegre, thou dost beare thy wounds upon thee,
 In wide and spacious characters, but in
 The volumne of my sadnesse thou dost want 350
 An eye to reade an open force, hath torne
 Thy manly sinewes which sometime may cure
 The engine is not seene that wounds thy Master,
 Past all the remedy of art or time,

The flatteries of Court, of fame or honours;
 Thus in the Sommer a tall flourishing tree,
 Transplanted by strong hand, with all her leaves
 And blooming pride upon her makes a shew
 Of Spring, tempting the eye with wanton blossome,
 But not the Sunne with all her amorous smiles, 360
 The dewes of mornings, or the teares of night,
 Can roote her fibers in the earth agen,
 Or make her bosome kinde, to growth and bearing,
 But the tree withers, and those very beames
 That once were naturall warmth to her soft verdure
 Dry up her sap and shoote a feaver through
 The barke and rinde, till she becomes a burthen
 To that which gave her life; so *Chabot, Chabot*.

Al. Wonder in apprehension, I must
 Suspect your health indeede.

Adm. No no thou shanot 370
 Be troubled, I but stirr'd thee with a morrall,
 Thats empty contains nothing, I am well,
 See I can walke, poore man, thou hast not strength yet.
Al. What accident is ground of this distraction?

Enter Admirall.

Adm. Thou hast not heard yet whats become oth'
 Chancellor?

Al. Not yet my Lord.

Adm. Poore gentleman, when I thinke
 Vpon the King, I've balme enough to cure
 A thousand wounds, have I not *Allegre*?
 Was ever bountious mercy read in story,
 Like his upon my life, condemn'd for sacrifice 380
 By Law, and snatch'd out of the flame unlooked for,
 And unpetitioned? but his justice then
 That woud not spare whom his owne love made great,
 But give me up to the most cruell test
 Of Iudges, for some boldnesse in defence
 Of my owne merits, and my honest faith to him
 Was rare, past example.

Enter Father.

Fa. Sir, the King
Is comming hither.

Al. It will
Become my duty sir to leave you now.

Adm. Stay by all meanes *Allegre*, 't shall concerne
you, 390
I'me infinitely honor'd in his presence.

Enter King, Queene, Constable, and Wife.

King. Madam be comforted, Ile be his Phisitian.

Wif. Pray heaven you may.

King. No ceremoniall knees,
Give me thy heart, my deare, my honest *Chabot*,
And yet in vaine I chalenge that tis here
Already in my owne, and shall be cherish'd
With care of my best life, violence¹
Shall ravish it from my possession,
Not those distempers that infirme my blood
And spirits shall betray it to a feare, 400
When time and nature joyne to dispossesse
My body of a cold and languishing breath,
No stroake in all my arteries, but silence
In every faculty, yet dissect me then,
And in my heart, the world shall read thee living,
And by the vertue of thy name write there,
That part of me shall never putrifie,
When I am lost in all my other dust.

Adm. You too much honour your poore servant sir,
My heart dispares so rich a monument; 410
But when it dies—

King. I wonot heare a sound
Of any thing that trenched² upon death,
He speakes the funerall of my crowne that prophesies
So unkinde a fate, wee le live and die together,

¹ Dyce inserts "no" before "violence."

² Dyce changes to *trencheth*.

And by that duty which hath taught you hitherto,
 All loyall and just services I charge thee,
 Preserve thy heart for me and thy reward,
 Which now shall crowne thy merits.

Adm. I have found
 A glorious harvest in your favour sir,
 And by this overflow of royall grace, 420
 All my deserts are shadowes and flie from mee,
 I have not in the wealth of my desires,
 Enough to pay you now, yet you encourage me
 To make one suite.

King. So soone as nam'd possesse it.

Adm. You would be pleas'd take notice of this Gentle
 man,

A Secretary of mine.

Con. Mounsieur *Allegre*,
 He that was rack'd sir for your Admirall.

Adm. His limbs want strength to tender their full duty,
 An honest man that suffers for my sake.

King. He shall be deare to us, for what has past, sir 430
 By the unjustice of our Chancellors power,
 Wee le study to recompence, ith' meane time that office
 You exercis'd for Chabot we translate
 To our selfe, you shall be our Secretary.

Al. This is
 An honour above my weake desert, and shall
 Oblige the service of my life to satisfie it.

Adm. You are gracious, and in this act have put
 All our complaints to silence, you *Allegre*,

Enter Tresuror, Secretary.

Cherish your health, and feeble limbs which cannot
 Without much prejudice be thus employ'd; 440
 All my best wishes with thee.

Al. All my prayers
 Are duties to your Lordship— *Exit.*

King. Tis too little,
 Can forfeit of his place, wealth, and a lasting

Imprisonment purge his offences to
 Our honest Admirall, had our person beene
 Exempted from his mallice, he did persecute
 The life of *Chabot* with an equall wrath,
 You should have powr'd death on his treacherous head,
 I revoke all your sentences, and make
 Him that was wrong'd full Master of his destiny, 450
 Be thou his judge.

Adm. O farre be such injustice,
 I know his doome is heavie, and I begge
 Where mercy may be let into his sentence
 For my sake you would soften it, I have
 Glory enough to be set right in yours,
 And my deare countries thought, and by an act
 With such apparent notice to the world.

King. Expresse it in some joy then.

Adm. I will strive
 To shew that pious gratitude to you but—

King. But what 460

Adm. My frame hath lately sir beene tane a peeces,
 And but now put together, the least force
 Of mirth will shake and unjoynt all my reason,
 Your patience royall sir.

King. Ile have no patience,
 If thou forget the courage of a man.

Adm. My strength would flatter me.

King. Phisitians,
 Now I begin to feare his apprehension,
 Why how is *Chabots* spirit falne?

Qu. Twere best
 He were convey'd to his bed.

Wif. How soone turn'd widdow.

Adm. Who would not wish to live to serve your good-
 nes, 470

Stand from me, you betray me with your feares,
 The plummets may fall off that hang upon
 My heart, they were but thoughts at first, or if
 They weigh me downe to death let not my eyes

Close with another object then the King,
Let him be last I looke on.

King. I would not have him lost for my whole Kingdome.

Con. He may recover sir.

King. I see it fall,

For Iustice being the proppe of every Kingdome
And mine broke, violating him that was 480
The knot and contract of it all in him,
It already falling in my eare;

Pompey could heare it thunder, when the Senate
And Capitoll were deafe, so heavens loud chiding,
Ile have another sentence for my Chancellor,
Vnlesse my *Chabot* live,
In a Prince

What a swift executioner is a frowne,
Especially of great and noble soules;
How is it with my *Philip*?

Adm. I must begge
One other boone.

King. Vpon condition 490
My *Chabot* will collect his scatter'd spirits,
And be himselfe agen, he shall divide
My Kingdome with me.

Fa. Sweete King.

Adm. I observe
A fierce and killing wrath engendred in you;
For my sake, as you wish me strength to serve you,
Forgive your Chancellor, let not the story
Of *Philip Chabot* read hereafter draw
A teare from any family, I beseech
Your royall mercy on his life, and free
Remission of all seasure upon his state, 500
I have no comfort else.

King. Endeavour
But thy owne health, and pronounce generall pardon
To all through *France*.

Adm. Sir I must kneele to thanke you,

It is not seal'd else, your blest hand live happy,
May all you trust have no lesse faith then *Chabot*,
Oh.

Wif. His heart is broken.

Fa. And kneeling sir,
As his ambition were in death to shew
The truth of his obedience.

Con. I feard this issue.

Tre. Hees past hope.

King. He has a victory ins death, this world 510
Deserv'd him not, how soone he was translated
To glorious eternitie, tis too late
To fright the ayre with words, my teares embalme him.

Wif. What can become of me?

King? - *Qu.* Ile be your husband Madam, and with care
Supply your childrens father, to your father
Ile be a sonne, in what our love or power
Can serve his friends, *Chabot* shall nere be wanting,
The greatest losse is mine, past scale or recompence,
We will proceede no further gainst the Chancellor, 520
To the charitie of our Admirall he owes
His life which ever banish'd to a prison,
Shall not beget in us, or in the subject
New feares of his injustice, for his fortunes
Great and acquir'd corruptly, tis our will
They make just restitution for all wrongs
That shall within a yeare be prov'd against him;
O *Chabot* that shall boast as many monuments
As there be hearts in *France*, which as they grow,
Shall with more love enshrine thee, Kings they say, 530
Die not, or starve succession, oh why
Should that stand firme, and Kings themselves despaire,
To finde their subject still in the next heire.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

NOTES.

Act I.

51. *Timely*. Indicating time. The word is seldom found in this sense in Elizabethan English. Cf. Spenser, *Faerie Queen*. I, 5. 3. "timely voices."
73. *Vulgar passes*. Common or ordinary situations.
88. *Tract*. Course, movement, line of action.
- 118-119. *all combining*
A gardian beyond the Phrygian knott, etc.
 i. e. tying a Gordian knot that shall be so far superior to the celebrated Phrygian knot, that the ingenuity of man shall not be able to loose nor the sword to cut it.
136. *Closely*. Privately.
Hamlet, III, 1. 29. We have *closely* sent for Hamlet hither.
151. *Apts*. Makes fit, adjusts. *Postaster* I, 1. If he be mine, he shall follow and observe what I will *apt* him to.
186. *Informes*. Gives form to, shape.
190. *Ambitious*. A Latinism; circular, or moving in a circle, —an exceedingly rare use of the word.
193. *Cheverill*. (M E. cheverelle < O F. chevrele, —elle, kid, diminutive of chevre.) Of the nature of cheverel leather: stretching, flexible, pliable, elastic, yielding. *Stubbes, Anatomy of Abuses*, II, 12. The lawiers have such *chauerell* consciences.
220. *Shadder*. Shudder, (i.e.) cause to shudder or be afraid. See ENGLISH DIALECT DICTIONARY, s.v. *shadder*. Possibly the word is a misprint for 'shatter' or 'shadow.'
221. *Statists*. Statesmen, politicians.
Cymbeline, II, 4. 16: I do believe, *statist* though I am none, that this will prove a war.
232. *Precisian*. One who gives undue attention to trifles.
253. . . . *Service when they exact*. One instance among many of the familiar Elizabethan use of a pronoun differing in number from its antecedent.
271. *Your eithers rape*. In M E. there are numerous examples of the use of either with a pronoun in the same case. (See New English Dictionary). After 1600 this use is rare.
316. *Criance*. A term used in falconry to denote the long fine line or cord attached to a hawk's leash by which she is restrained from flying away when being trained.
340. *Censure*. Judge, as always in Elizabethan English.
- 348, 349. *The rather*. Probably a play on two senses of the expression: in line 348, more *quickly*; in line 349, more *willingly*.

ACT II.

21. *Reward*. Recompense or requite. Used by Shakespeare in both a good and a bad sense.
46. *But*. Only.
173. *Kinde*. Birth, station.
Hamlet, I, 2 65. A little more than *kin* and less than *kind*.
275. *Swinge*. Sway, control. *Induction, Mirror for Magistrates*, Stanza, 26.
- That whilome here bare *swinge* among the best
284. *Use*. Practice or employ.
285. *Informe*. Mend, make better.
287. *Reall*. Faithful, loyal.
299. *Fame*. Report.
336. *Pavian thraldome*.

Francis I was defeated and captured in the battle of Pavia 1525. He was liberated after ceding a large part of his dominions to Charles V, not by paying a ransom. This is the only speech that differentiates the king from any other sovereign of France. If it were not for this personal reference the monarch portrayed here by Chapman might be Henry III, or Henry IV, as naturally as Francis I.

ACT III.

36. *Planet strooke*. Affected by supposed influence of planets.
182. *Will make*. Omission of the relative pronoun.
182. *Tract*. Course of life.
192. *Square*. Adjective used for noun.
220. *Pioners*. A sapper or miner; hence, figuratively, one who seeks to accomplish an object by underhand means: here, intriguing politicians.
307. *Vancourriers* (Fr., properly *avant-courriers*). Fore-runners.
328. *Gyantism against heaven*. An allusion to the strife of the Giants or Titans against Jupiter and his throne.
332. *Infround or respected*. A misprint for "informed or suspected." Dyce and Shepherd retain "respected," but insert a semicolon. There is no warrant for this insertion which makes an unnecessary change in the meaning of the passage.
354. *Conscience*. A synonym in Elizabethan times for consciousness, but probably here a misprint for *conscious*. The passage, ll. 352-355, is a fair example of Chapman's involved, often ungrammatical, style. The meaning evidently is: "Conscious of that truth that gave my actions life when they were questioned, I have justified my merits and services to the king."
370. *Hath brought forth nought but some ridiculous vermine*. An evident reminiscence of the familiar line of Horace; *Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus*. *ARS POETICA*, l 139.

393. *Chines.* Backs.
 449. *Pitiful.* Used in a contemptuous sense, or perhaps, ironically.
 450. *On this side, and on this side, this capitall I.* After the first word "side" V should be inserted. The line is meaningless as printed in all editions.

ACT IV.

73. *House-genious.* Household genius or god, *lares penates*,
 130. *Curious.* Exact, fastidious.
 148-149. *Who still are busie taking off their snuffes,*
 But for their profit sake will adde no oyle.
 That is, the care-takers of the lamps are busy taking off the charred portions of the wicks, because they keep the money intended for the purchase of oil.
 159. *Quit.* Requite, repay.
 260. *Equall.* A Latinism (*aequus*): fair, just, impartial. So also in l. 388.
 316. *Touch.* Defect, fault.
 Troilus and Cressida, III, 3, 175.
 One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.
 323. *Souse.* The familiar French sous.
 371. *Contemperature.* Harmonious mixture.
 439. *Compurgators.* Witnesses: used in the Mediæval sense of one who bore testimony to the innocence or truth of the person accused.

ACT V.

20. *Her.* Their.
 33. *Nice.* Delicate: in a bad sense.
 75. *Inpostume.* A purient swelling; an abscess.
 90. *Centaures blood.* An allusion to the blood of Nessus which Deianira used to poison the shirt of Hercules.
 96. *Descant.* An extemporaneous part or accompaniment played to a given melody.
 97. *Numerous.* Consisting of numbers; hence melodious, harmonious.
 231. *Austria.* A misprint for *Astræa*, the goddess of innocence and daughter of Themis, Justice.
 286. *Parmisan.* Parmesan: a cheese made in Parma.
 363. *Kinde.* Natural.
 399. *Infirm.* The transitive use of this verb was common in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.
 515-533. The quarto gives this speech to the Queen, but the context shows that it belongs to the King.

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INDEX.

Achilles, 7.
 Advocate, 24.
 APSLEY, WILLIAM, 9
 ARNOLDUS, PAULUS JOVIUS, 29.

 BACON, FRANCIS, 35, 36, 37.
 BAKER, D. E., 26.
 Baligny, 17, 18.
Ball, The, 26.
 BEAUMONT, COUNT, 12, 14.
 BEESTON, CHRISTOPHER, 27.
 Biron, Duke of, 7, 11, 12, 13, 14.
Blind Beggar of Alexander, The, 6
 BOAS, FREDERICK, 22, 23.
 BRANTONE, PIERRE DE BOURDEILLE,
 10.
Bussy D'Ambois, 7, 9, 10, 11, 25, 26.
Byron's Conspiracy, 11, 12, 13.
Byron's Tragedy, 7, 12, 13, 22.

Cæsar and Pompey, 24.
 CAYET, PIERRE VICTOR, 12, 23.
 Chabot, Admiral of France, 28, 29,
 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36.
 Charlotte, 17, 18.
 CHESTER, ROBERT, 8.
Civil Wars in France, The, 9.
Conspiracie and Tragedie of
Charles, Duke of Byron, The,
 11, 34
 COOKE, WILLIAM, 24, 26.
 COTES, THOMAS, 24, 26.
 CRANE, MR., 14, 15.
 Crequie, 13.
 CROOKE, ANDREW, 24, 26.
 Cupid, 13.

 D'Ambois, Bussy, 9, 10, 17, 18, 19.
 D'Ambois, Clermont, 7, 17, 18, 19.

D'Auvergne, Comte, 7, 18.
 DEKKER, THOMAS, 9.
 DE SAULX, GASPARD, 32, 34.
 DE SERRES, JEAN, 12, 18, 23, 29.
 DE THOU, AUGUST, 10.
 DOBELL, BERTRAM, 14, 25.
 DRAYTON, MICHAEL, 9.
 DRUMMOND, WILLIAM, 8.
 DYCE, ALEXANDER, 24, 27.

Eastward Hoe, 8.
 ELD, GEORGE, 11, 23.
 Elizabeth, Queen, 5, 12, 13, 14.
 ESSEX, EARL OF, 35, 36.
Example, The, 26.

 FLEAY, F. G., 12, 24, 27, 35.
 France, Queen of (wife of Francis I), 28, 30, 31.
 France, Queen of (wife of Henry IV), 13, 16, 17.
 Francis I, 28, 30, 32, 33.

Gamester, The, 26.
Gentleman Usher, The, 22.
 GIFFORD, WILLIAM, 27.
 GREENE, ROBERT, 6.
 GRIMESTON, EDWARD, 23, 34.
 Guise, Duchess of, 19.
 Guise, Duke of, 7, 9, 10, 17, 18, 19,
 21, 22.

 Hamlet, 7.
 HELME, JOHN, 17.
 Henry III, 10, 24.
 Henry IV, 7, 9, 11, 12, 13.
 HENSLOWE, PHILIP, 9, 11, 18.
 HERBERT, SIR HENRY, 16, 24, 26, 27.
Hero and Leander, 6.

- Historia Sui Temporis Pars Quarta*, 10.
Histoire de France, etc., 18.
 Horatio, 7.
 HOWARD, SIR THOMAS, 23.
- In Sejanum Ben. Jonsoni et Musis et Sibi in Deliciis*, 8.
Invective written by Mr. George Chapman against Mr. Ben Jonson, 8.
Inventaire General de l'Histoire de France, 18.
Inventorie, A General, of the History of France, etc., 23.
- JAMES I, 37.
 JONSON, BEN, 8.
- KOEPPEL, EMIL, 7, 10, 12, 14, 18, 22, 29.
- Lady of Pleasure, The*, 26.
 La Fin, 11.
 LANGBAINÉ, GERARD, 29.
 LENNOX, DUKE OF, 14, 15, 16.
 LONGEUS, MART., 29.
Love's Martyr, 8.
 LYLY, JOHN, 6.
- MAILLARD, 17.
 MARLOWE, CHRISTOPHER, 6, 9, 10.
 MARSTON, JOHN, 8.
Massacre at Paris, The, 6, 9, 11.
 MATTHIEU, PIERRE, 12, 14, 18, 23.
 MÉZERAY, FRANÇOIS EUDES DE, 29.
 Monsieur (brother to Henry III), 9, 10, 19.
 Montmorencie, Constable of France, 28, 30, 34.
 Montsurry, Coun., 10.
 Montsurry, Countess, 10.
- Northward Ho*, 35.
- PASQUIER, ETIENNE, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35.
 PEELE, GEORGE, 6.
 Pero, 11.
 Philip II, 22.
 Poeyet, Chancellor, 28, 30, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37.
 Proctor General, 24, 32, 35, 36.
- Queen's Men, 26.
- Recherches de la France, Les*, 29.
Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois, The, 7, 17, 23, 34.
- Satiro—Mastix*, 11.
 Savoy, Duke of, 11.
 Secretary, 30.
Shadow of Night, 6.
 SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM, 6, 7, 8, 35.
 SHIRLEY, JAMES, 8, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 35.
 Strozza, 22.
 SWINBURNE, A. C., 24, 27.
- Tamburlaine, 7.
 TAVANNES, SEIGNEUR DE, 32, 34.
 THORPPE, THOMAS, 11.
Tragedie of Chabot, Admiral of France, 24, 25, 26, 28, 30.
 Treasurer, 30.
Troilus and Cressida, 7.
- Ulysses, 7.
- Verneuill, Mademoiselle, 13.
- VON RAUMER, F. L. G., 13.
- WARD, A. W., 24, 27.



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